

**FEAR,  
FONDA,  
FESTIVALS  
AND  
FAITH**

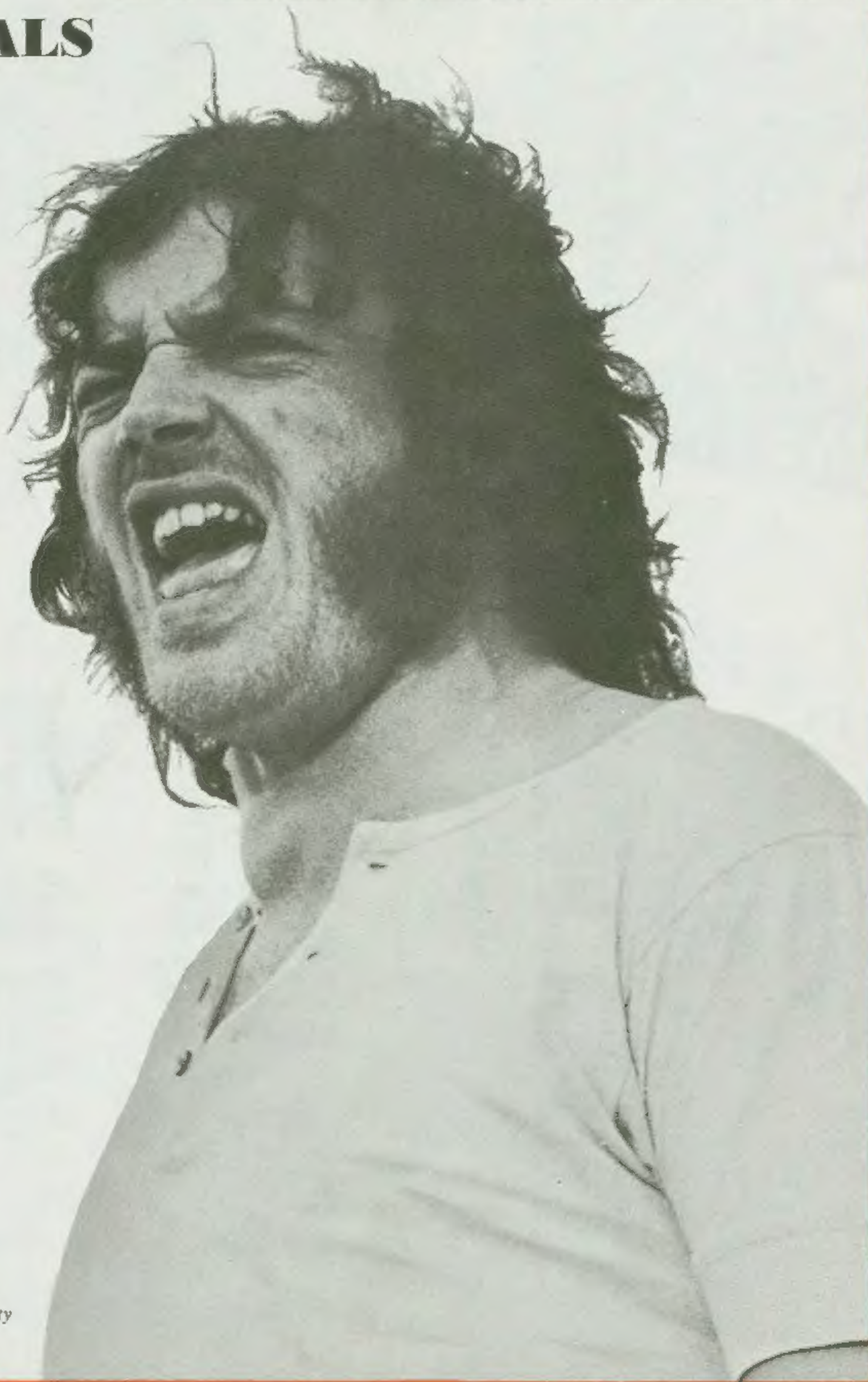
# ROLLING STONE

ACME

SEPTEMBER 6, 1969

No. 41

UK: 2/6 35 CENTS



*Joe Cocker at Atlantic City*

STEVEN SHAMES



# ROLLING STONE

'All the News  
That Fits'

No. 41  
SEPTEMBER 6, 1969

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Peter Fonda, the Easy Rider. See page 18.

## BILL GRAHAM EXPLODES: 'QUITTING SAN FRANCISCO'

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO—As has been his manner for more than three years, Bill Graham was a lonely and angry figure August 4th when he announced that he was finished with San Francisco as a dance/concert operator, effective Decem-31st, when new owners take over the Fillmore West building.

Graham made his surprise announcement—he'd been reported looking for a new location for his operation—in front of more than 100 artists, musicians, and other persons gathered at the Family Dog to discuss the then-still-flickering light show strike.

The announcement, made haltingly through a voiced choked and shaken by emotion, followed a lengthy, acrimonious lecture in which the pugilistic ballroom master hammered out a theme of "the reality of being a businessman," the rights of an individual. Time and time again he insisted: "I will never have anyone tell me to what level I support an art, what I *must* pay a light show." But Graham, long-ago ostracized from the hip community as a profiteer and the target of as much abuse as respect, had much more wrath to vent.

"This town has never stopped rapping an honest businessman for four fucking years," he said, brooding. "I leave here very sad . . . I may be copping out, but your attitudes have driven me to my decision."

But Graham really blew his gnarled top only after Steve Gaskin, a resident communications lecturer at the Family Dog, stood up and told him: "When you started, you had to make a choice between love and money. You've got our money, so you can't have our love . . . You've used dramatics today to fuck over a lot of heads with your emotional trips."

Graham's reply (as tape-recorded by the Good Times newspaper): "I APOLOGIZE, MOTHER FUCKER, THAT I'M A HUMAN BEING. I fucking apologize. Emotional—you're fucking right. Fuck you, you stupid prick! Do you know what emotions are? Stand up and have emotions. Get up and work. Get up and sing. Get up and act. You think I'm an actor? You're full of shit, man, I have more fucking balls than you'll ever see. You want to challenge me in any way about emotions? You slimy little man . . . YOU SLIMY . . .

LITTLE . . . MAN. (To the crowd): Fuck you. FUCK YOU! (To a musician trying to calm him) Don't get peaceful with me. Don't you TOUCH me!"

With those words, Graham barreled out of the room, followed by a paled Time magazine writer working on a profile of the man.

Contacted last week, a still-petulant Graham at first refused to talk with ROLLING STONE, citing the publication as "one of the other reasons I'm getting out." But he went on to confirm his abandonment of ballroom operations here. He is expected to maintain Fillmore East in New York, his Millard agency, the still-fledgling Fillmore record label, and his residence in San Francisco.

"We're not good, we're not bad," he said, "but I think this city will know what it's lost by the first week of 1970."

Before his violent walkout at the Family Dog the focus of discussion (that word used loosely) had been the light show strike, called by the 500-member Light Artists Guild to force Graham and Chet Helms to raise wages. A picket line had been set up Friday, August 1st, at the beachside Dog house, and another was planned for the uptown Fillmore

West the following Tuesday—the day of Graham's explosion.

Chet Helms had reacted to the strike line with predictably open gestures of brotherhood—provision of electricity for a coffee percolator and for a Guild light show projected on the Dog's outside wall; flowers for the pickets, and an invitation to negotiate. The lines were down by late Friday night, and light heads agreed to meet with Chet, on his terms: a "common" gathering including not only light artists, but the community as well. That's why Graham, along with Jerry Garcia of Grateful Dead, David and Linda LaFlamme of It's a Beautiful Day, and numerous other scene-makers were at the convocation.

Helms, the mystic / Texan who has tried, in the past two months, to move his operation away from the big-name band and dance/concert hall concept towards a free-form environmental theater, opened the meeting by casting the I Ching. The hexagrams spelled out the need for unity. The judgment: "Holding together brings good fortune. What is required is that we all unite . . . around a

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## 1969...THE STOOGES

The dangerous psychedelic Stooges manage to quickly get down to the nitty gritty of sensual frustration for all of neo-American adolescent malehood...

1969, the lead song on the disc, is the perfect expression of the oldest complaint of rebellious anarcho/crazy youth. Iggy sounds a lot younger than twenty-two for the horny American youth whose fantasies he summarizes...

I WANNA BE YOUR DOG is reminiscent of early Velvet Underground music carrying it into even more bizarre levels...

NO FUN is a crazed song of repressed American boy/girl crazies...

NOT RIGHT features some physically abusive guitar playing by Stooge guitarist Ron Asheton. Throughout the album Asheton reveals himself as an insane master of the power the Stooges channel into their music. This is probably the guitar style of the future...

The music is all 1969; Iggy and the boys doing Stooge music.

CREEM/AUGUST, 1969



THE STOOGES/EKS 74043

ALSO ON ALL TAPE CONFIGURATIONS BY AMPEX







Hells Angels—Class of '66

BRADHILL DUNSTREET

## ROLLING STONE

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## CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

During the last three months your magazine seems to have been going steadily downhill. I don't see the cutting reviews and articles that you used to have. You seem to be patronizing groups and people now that I don't think the old Rolling Stone would have. Just because the Beatles are the Beatles and Dylan is Dylan you can't say that everything they do is great. If something is shit the old RS would have said shit! I hope you people quit fucking around.

DEAF DAVE DOAKES

SIRS:

Speaking of Death.

Brian Jones' death was, is sad and unnecessary. Rock is a tough business that has taken its toll. But next to jazz, rock's victims are few, no matter how Greil Marcus harangues: John Coltrane, Wes Montgomery, Billie Holiday, Eric Dolphy, Booker Little, Clifford Brown, Bud Powell, Bird, and now, at 27, Al Stinson. And so many more.

Our collective naivete, our gasp, never ceases to amaze: we think it just cannot happen. It does though, and relentlessly, from Frankie Lyman to Trane to the Brooklyn Lance Corporal blown up over Da Nang.

'Sure, being a star is hard, but Jones' death is neither more nor less than anyone else's.

ROBERT OPPEDISANO  
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Richard Brautigan writes wonderful stories, that's all I can say. What more can you say about beauty. Could you send me a big picture of him?

STEVE GIBSON  
ST. PAUL, MINN.

SIRS:

The management of Madison Square Garden has proved once and for all that greed breeds ignorance. Their use of a revolving stage at the recent Hendrix concert and the July 12th Blind Faith show ruined two potentially great shows.

The management of the Garden seems to think that everyone wants to be able

to catch periodic glimpses of the performers. Their answer to the problem of a round concert hall is a merry-go-round stage which distorts all the sound. But in their rush to pack in as large a crowd as possible, they ignore the quality of the sound.

MICHAEL P. LAIRN  
HILLSIDE, NEW JERSEY

SIRS:

In your last issue you reported that Greg Dewey, now the drummer with Country Joe and the Fish, was formerly with Mad River. This is not the case. Dewey is still very much a part of Mad River. And although he may have signed an oath in blood to stay with the Fish for a year, his plans in that year also include recordings and performances with Mad River, which at this time is drummerless, working on new material, including a string quartet, in the western Canadian Rockies.

GREG DEWEY  
ED DENSON  
HARRY SOBOL

SIRS:

Where the hell are the Rolling Stones? Where the hell is Mick performance flick? Where the hell is the Stones' One plus One flick? Where the hell is the Stones' single? Where the hell is the new Stones' album? Where the hell is the Stones' world tour? Where the hell is the Stones' world TV special? Where the hell are the Rolling Stones?

SAUL DAVIS  
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

This is a brief note concerning your recent Random Note about ABC-FM. Here in Pittsburgh it's called KQV-FM and it plays the same tapes of Love from New York. While the programming may not be the most wonderful ever to reach these humble ears, I'd think twice if I were you before unilaterally tromping it down.

Let me tell you a little about Pittsburgh. I've heard, be it true or not I'm not sure, that the ADA rates Pittsburgh as the Number One All Time Most Con-

servative City in the country. The D. A. closed down two movies for obscenity (*The Female* and *Therese and Isabelle*) a few months back. There are a few really hip people around as far as music goes, but concerts and appearances are almost non-existent. When anybody ever comes it is usually when KQW brings them—and then to the huge Civic Arena where the prices are ridiculous and so are the acoustics. The place was designed for hockey and basketball and not for rock. This is once in a while. Pittsburgh didn't quite make it on your list of festival cities either.

Now on to records. The only good area-wide supplier of records is the National Record Mart. Their prices are scandalous but at least they play cuts for you. The discount places (usually run on a shoe string) cannot play cuts because they can't return albums once opened. One must buy from reputation, and a lot of times one gets nicely burned. Again, there is no place to hear them except on the radio. The only station that plays anything outside of top 40 is this same KQV-FM. It was the first station here

that played new things with any sort of good programming for all. True, the packaging is a bit false, but at least the music is solid. Once again, it is our only outlet.

Until you, or any of you terribly hip self-conscious leaders of your rock church come up with something better, don't tear down what we have here. Or, better yet, why don't some of the richer superstars if not play here more often, set us up a radio station that has good programming if you're so unhappy with the one we've got. Until you do something for the few of us here, leave us alone with what we must hang on to!

ABBOTT JAY MENDELSON  
PITTSBURGH

SIRS:

A couple felt moved to write you about their feelings of one of your correspondents who criticized ABC-FM

—Continued on Page 4



# Random Notes

The new Beatles LP, tentatively titled *Get Back*, has been delayed from its scheduled September release date to December. The Beatles have decided in the meantime to start recording another album and to save *Get Back* for the Christmas season. The LP will include a large booklet of color photographs taken by ROLLING STONE photographer Ethan Russell during the recording of the LP at Twickenham film studios.

Also planned for the *Get Back* package is some kind of long text written by ROLLING STONE writers Jonathan Cott and David Dalton. The text by Messrs. Cott and Dalton is an immense edited transcript of all the conversation and discussion in and around the studios while the record was recorded, interspersed with their own writing. The whole thing could only roughly be described as an oblong look at the history of rock and roll consciousness.

It is a brilliant text, and a beautiful book. Unfortunately, EMI Records has ordered much of the earthy language cut out of the text and it has been so censored. Then the Beatles themselves have ordered a change in the approach to bring it more in line with the expectations of "the fans."

So it goes.

Any day now: LPs are due this month from Janis Joplin, Creedence Clearwater Revival, the Band, and the Rolling Stones. The Joplin LP is called *Cosmic Blues*, and includes her treatment of the Chantels' oldie, "Maybe" and a Nick Gravenites tune, "As Good as You've Been." The Stones' LP is reported to be a re-planting of the *Flowers* idea, the record being a roundup of hits and old material, including "Jumping Jack Flash," "2000 Light Years from Home," "Dandelion," "Honky Tonk Women," and "Street Fighting Man." The cover photo has Brian Jones and the other original Stones with their faces pressed against a big window, and the LP, packaged in an octagonal jacket, is dedicated to Brian. It's called *Through The Past Darkly*.

They're beyond your command . . . (1) July 7th: Jeffrey Gifford, 17-year-old son of ex-football star Frank Gifford, was busted, accused of harvesting 15 to 20 pounds of low-grade marijuana in a New Jersey meadow. (2) July 9th: George F. R. Bell, 31, was arrested by US customs agents at Calexico as a suspected cannabis smuggler. Bell is the son of the late cowboy star/Nevada Lt. Governor Rex Bell, and silent screen star Clara Bow. (3) August 4th: John Barrymore Jr. was charged with possession of grass following a bad car wreck in Indio, California. Highway Patrolmen, investigating the smashed car, found 14 red caps, a hand-rolled cigarette, and "a metal can containing greenish-brown vegetable matter."

The Universal Life Church, the most free-for-all church of them all, has a new address. If you'd like to become a legally-ordained minister (and be able to conduct weddings and funerals and open up a church of your own), write to 601 3rd Street in Modesto, California 95351. Sundays will never be the same. . . .

We are indebted to WBAI-FM in New York (specifically, Bob Kuttner's "verbatim satire" program, *Readings from the Congressional Record*) for the following dialogue between Senators Long (Democrat-Tennessee) and Byrd (Democrat-Virginia).

Long: Has the Senator ever heard of the Students for a Democratic Society?

Byrd: Yes, I have heard of that group.

Long: Does he agree with me that they are about the scum of the earth?

Byrd: I do not know whether I would use the same phraseology the Senator uses.

Long: They're about the most contemptible people I know of. They're the most overprivileged group in this country. Is the Senator familiar with the fact that the parents of these people have put up the money to pay all their expenses and buy soap for them? But they

refuse to take baths. That they have put up the money to buy them razor blades? But they refuse to shave. That they put up the money to buy food for those children? And they spend it on marijuana. They are the most sorry, contemptible, overprivileged people in the world and I say those people are a good element for the Communists to move in on.

Lest we forget: James Rector, the bystander who was killed by a cop's buckshot-filled rifle during the Berkeley People's Park battle in June, has been memorialized by song. Kandeda Montgomery wrote the tune, "Where Have You Been Today, James Rector?" and with financial help from a few friends, recorded it in a Richmond, Calif., studio. For a couple of weeks, the record was available only in music shops along tormented Telegraph Ave., and the simple, melancholy song (with Miss Montgomery backed by acoustic guitar and bass) was heard mostly on Bay Area FM stations. Last week, Jerry Wexler heard about it, liked it, and will soon be spreading the message ("Red stands for the gore on the streets . . . white for the whitewash story of a steel-gray gun . . .") via Atlantic Records. If folk music is music of the people, this is pure folk. Let's not forget.

Gary Duncan, ex- of Quicksilver, and Dino Valente, perennial quicksilver, are putting a band together, and they're looking for a bassist, a drummer, and a keyboard man. You can come as an individual or as a unit, and you can see Dino and Gary any day after 4 at the heliport in Sausalito. Or call (415) 388-2634. Meanwhile, the remaining Quicksilver Messenger Service men (David Freiberg, Greg Elmsore, and John Cipollina) are into their third LP, with Nicky Hopkins chipping in a couple of songs, some production work, and a lot of organ and piano. The album's about halfway finished.

On-stage nudity is getting out of hand. . . . In Taormina, Sicily, just as the Taormina Film Festival Award ceremony was about to begin, a protester ran onto the stage, dropped trou, and waved a white flag. But no one ever learned what the cat was protesting. Cops hustled him into the wings and he was never heard from again. During the program, incidentally, a "David" award went to actor Nino Manfredi for his role in "I See Nude."

Boogidy-boogidy-boogidy, shoo: Lead guitarist Henry Vestine has been dumped from Canned Heat, and he's being replaced by Harvey Mandel, a man with a recent history of being at the right place at the right time. Vestine's departure followed an on-stage hassle at the Fillmore West last week, and when he failed to show up the next day at the Fillmore East, Mandel popped up and agreed to stand in. Harvey also joined in with the Heat at the Atlantic City Pop Festival a couple of weeks back. With crystal redentor Mandel in the band, Canned Heat will have to go through some stylistic changes. In anticipation (according to Al Wilson), they'll slow down on their next LP and accept no more concert dates for the time being.

News that fits: Leigh Stephens, former Blue Cheer guitarist, is back in San Francisco after a year and an LP in England. He's got a new band of Britishers with him: Pete Sears, bass; Bryn Haworth, guitar, and Micky Waller, drums. . . . Also getting it together: ex-Monkee Peter Tork, whose new band, tentatively named "Peter Tork And/Or Release," features a chick drummer (Reine Stewart), vocalist Judy Mayhan, bassist Riley Wyldflower, and Peter himself on guitar and vocals. They'll be released and/or petered onto the public next weekend at the Family Dog . . . The Avalon Ballroom, the original Dog house, has been leased by a big California theater chain, and it'll be turned into a 600-seat movie house around Christmas, just about the time Bill Graham's packing things up at the Fillmore West . . .



SATTY

## LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

—Continued from Page 3

Love Radio, this in the August 9th issue. It seems the Sobels feel Love Radio is the best thing happening in Los Angeles radio.

I was down in Smogville this 4th of July, and with an FM radio. But I might just as well have left it at home, for Los Angeles FM radio is comparable to KOIT-FM here in the city. In fact, a station that would bill itself as Love Radio pretty much says where it's at. But the station goes even further than that: it carries anti-drug spots, in which Johnny has seen his sins and quit's taking dope.

Believe it or not, LA's best music seems to be coming from KRLA, an AM station. I thought I'd see elephants fly before I'd hear two Albert Collins cuts within two hours of each other on an AM station, but goddamn it, that week-end all-night cat on KRLA played Albert Collins. Now if only KYA would get wise . . .

STEVE PAHNKE  
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

The new Youngbloods record is an elephant mountain of pleasure, beauty and joy. Lester Bangs' review of Elephant Mountain was too elegantly understated. "This is one of the most encouraging albums I've heard in months." A critic must be careful in these days of over-sell, but a few hints nestled in Bangs' review in the July 12th issue are words like "positively mesmeric," "exudes . . . joy," "lifting and carrying you." Bangs is right. Listen. Elephant Mountain!

ROLLING STONE "exudes joy" too. Keep it up.

RICHARD OLSON  
BELOIT, WISCONSIN

SIRS:

Has John Mendelson been tied up in Apollos One through Ten these last several months? In his review of *Ars Longa Vita Brevis* by the Nice in the June 14 issue he notes "The Nice have been getting banned from the Albert Hall (quite explicitly) and American (de facto banishment)."

On the contrary, the Nice have just completed a happy and successful tour which took in New York's Fillmore East, Boston, Detroit, Toronto, Chicago, and the University of Miami. In their search for notoriety (Mr. Mendelson's word) they did nothing but turn people on

to their very distinctive brand of music, and won standing ovations everywhere.

Just now they are in Europe to work with the Bath Festival under Yehudi Menuhin's direction and to make the only appearance by any group in the European Festival of Contemporary Art in Vienna. In neither concert will they be standing on their heads, burning flags, simulating assassinations, nor otherwise seeking "notoriety."

TONY STRATTON SMITH  
MANAGER, THE NICE  
NEW YORK

SIRS:

You know the last cut on the *Notorious Byrd Brothers* LP. I just heard it for the first time (forgive me), and the idea is stolen almost word for word from a science-fiction story, "The Sentinel," by Arthur C. Clarke. The story was the basis for *2001* and strangely enough the Byrd song is titled "Space Odyssey."

Clarke should receive the credit he deserves for the idea in that song. Anyone who doesn't know how mature and intelligent science-fiction can be should read two of Clarke's books: *Childhood's End* and *The City and the Stars*.

DAVE COYLE  
ORANGEVALE, CALIF.

SIRS:

I suppose I'm not the only one to notice it, and I suppose there are other songs, but I think everyone should listen to "I'm Feelin' Sorry," sung by Jerry Lee Lewis on Sun EP-23 (along with "Mean Woman Blue," "Whole Lotta Shakin'" and "Turn Around") either just before or after playing Dylan's new "Living on the Blues."

It certainly is good to hear the old music again. It brings back pleasant memories of a relatively uncomplicated childhood (I am almost exactly one year younger than Dylan). After all, anybody can write songs that are difficult to understand.

RICHARD ASTLE  
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

Two homes brokett up. Two young children uprooted. (Read all about Yoko's heartbroken shrug in *Look* magazine). So, of course, now John and Yoko are martyrs, moralizers, and crusaders for great causes. Typical, woi?

MARK KRAMER



# MOBIUS

—flowing, eternal—

It is beginning without end, end without beginning.

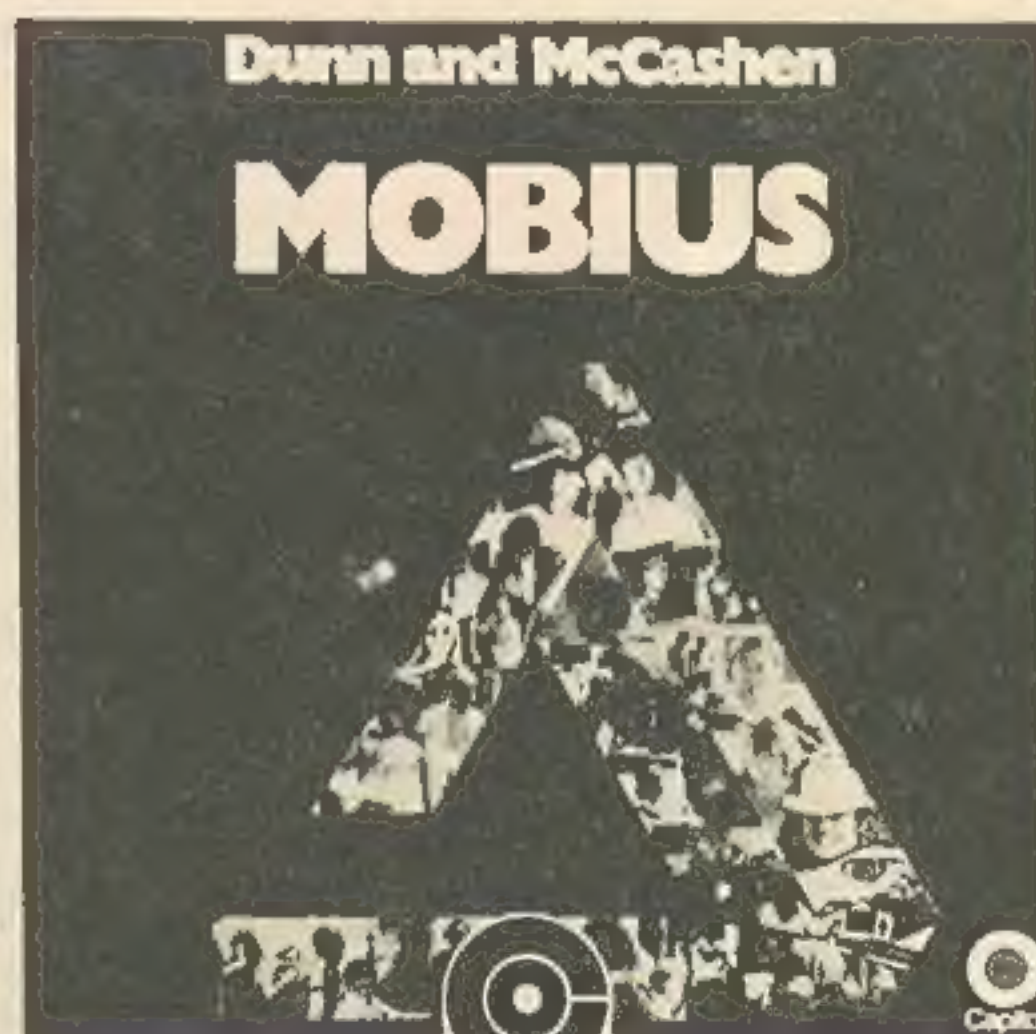
Don Dunn and Tony McCashen long have created music for others  
and now—at last—create it for themselves. . . .

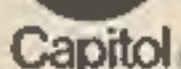
This new album is their music, which is their life, which is their music.



## DUNN ON McCASHEN:

"Indiana is as good a beginning as any, and there have been a few. Simplicity begins there too. I mean the plainness of complication, the eagerness of a lazy day in the sun . . ."



ON RECORD  ON TAPES

## McCASHEN ON DUNN:

"His reflections are of all designs and shades . . . at times so bright I'd have sworn he had caught the sun sleeping and stole it away in his pencil."



—Continued from Page 1  
central figure." Graham, seated with head hunched over, looked bored.

Then Helms, always considered the altruistic figurehead of the San Francisco music scene where Graham was the I-came, I-saw, I-conquered figure, laid the basic question across: "How is the community going to relate to (1) Mr. Bill Graham and to (2) Chet Helms?" For himself, he proposed recognition of the fact that the Dog had been losing money since its Avalon Ballroom days. "Money is tight in America, and we get the feeling we're disconnected from that scene," he said. "We're not. We're at the bottom of the totem pole and we're feeling the run on the bank first." Helms proposed the need for "some new models" for "distributing the few potatoes available"—perhaps a percentage-rate for all artists—musicians as well as light shows—at the Family Dog. But he wasn't speaking for Bill Graham. Graham made that obvious.

First, he smilingly brushed off Helms as "not a realistic person in terms of business." That set his theme. "You cannot tell the world, 'Look at what we're doing. It's right, you must come here.' You can only suggest. Chet runs this place on a dream, a nice one, but he's having financial problems because although he understands the problems of the business, he has refused to meet them."

Then he turned to challenge the rest of the meeting. "You do not tell me what to do. If you don't like the way I conduct my business, why the fuck don't you get off your asses and do it? Where the fuck does the artist come to say 'you the businessman must support us' when I personally think the light shows are not producing an income for me? The only way you can do this is to kill me and step over me."

Graham indirectly explained his choleric tone when he dove into a self-defensive spiel about his honesty and about the dues he paid before hitting onto the ballroom idea in late fall of 1965.

Finally nearing the nitty-gritty of his expostulation, he faced long-time arch-enemy and Light Artists Guild member Jerry Abrams, stating: "I'll challenge the Light Guild to tell me if their approach to the strike was the ethical approach." The Guild, before contacting either Helms or Graham personally, sent a blunt notice of new light show rates, signed "Ma." Then Graham got wind of a picket line being planned for the Fillmore—still before any personal contact with the Guild—and from that point on, Graham "lost respect" and any communications with the Guild—all of this aside from his insistence on the right to negotiate prices for acts on an individual basis.

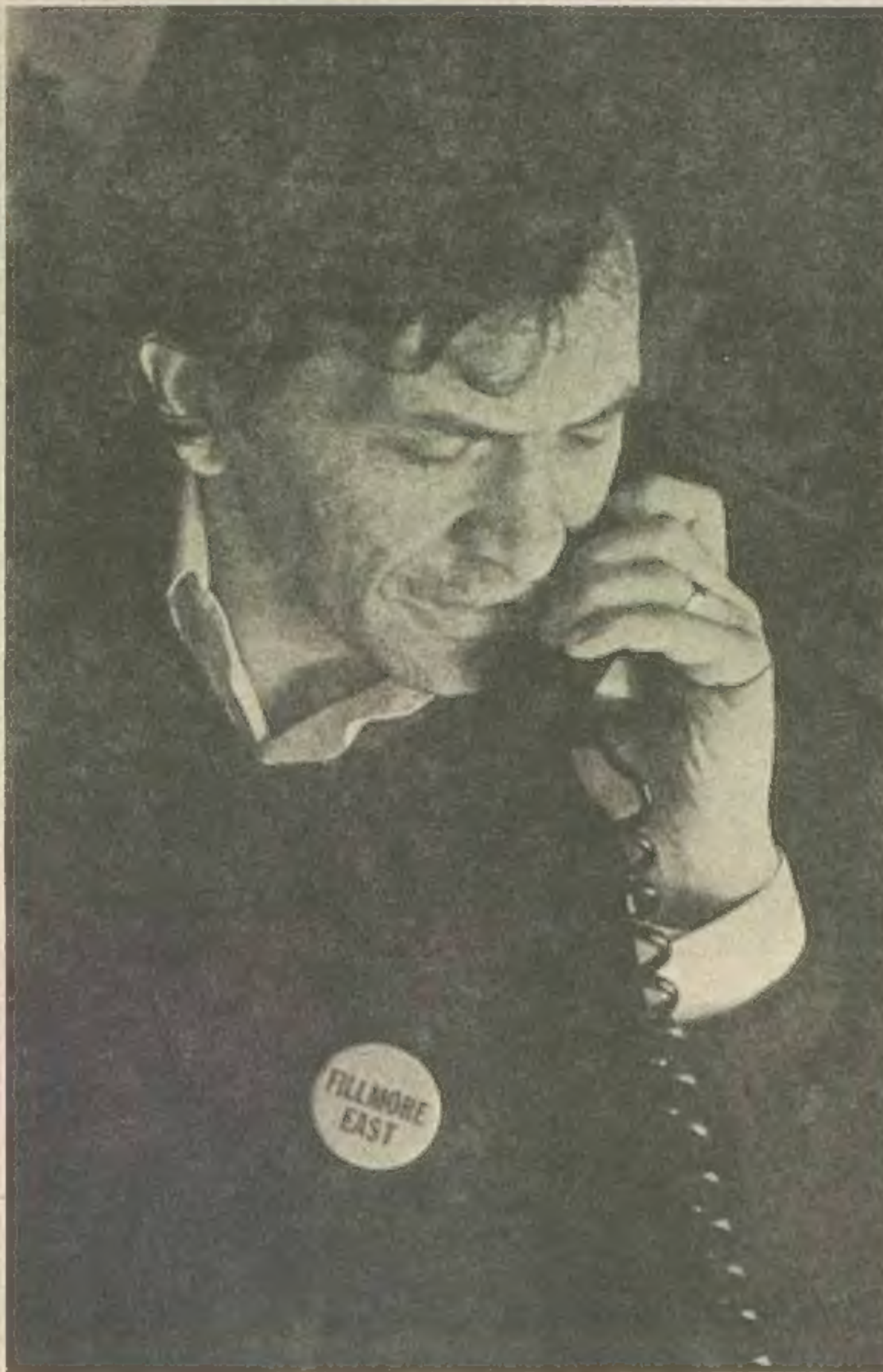
His "I'm through with this town" statement came after a bitter, heated exchange with Abrams—Abrams defending the Guild's approaching of various bands to gauge potential strike support and apologizing for the "tactless" letter; Abrams slamming Graham for "refusing negotiations over the last three years;" Graham insisting on the "reality" of the Guild's obvious disrespect for him and his operation. Graham made it painfully clear that now he would never hire a Guild show at any rate. And Helms hardly had enough money to buy a bag of potatoes each week.

Helms pushed in the final pin. "Friday night finished the Family Dog as a business," he said. (On Friday, standing outside his building looking glumly at the pickets, he had stated his theory about the few potatoes around to be distributed. "And if we can't get together and decide who eats, I don't see where we've arrived at in three years." Now, he said, Family Dog would give up the struggle to cover its \$50,000 of debts. The new commitment, he says, is "to extend the form artistically, with a new mode of business and finances.")

"The dream burst Friday," he continued to the assembly. "I have a proposal to make at our next meeting Thursday. But if there's a picket line at the Fillmore West tonight, I won't bother to come up with a proposal, and Family Dog won't operate this weekend."

Within minutes, one Guild member, from the Garden of Delights, withdrew his support for the strike. Finally a beleaguered Abrams, trying to hide defeat behind various voices bailing "a new community" rising out of the shambles, then unofficially drew a curtain over strike plans. The reasons: Helms' statement and Bill's stubbornness. "We are we and he is he," Abrams understated.

The actual strike lasted only about four hours, and all three booked acts—



Bill Graham: He did Eli Wallach proud.

Albert Collins, Afro-Haiti Dancers, and Grateful Dead—honored their contracts with Helms. Only Jerry Garcia and Mickey Hart of the Dead—reportedly physically detained at the door by Abrams—didn't cross the line. Inside, a small crowd saw lights worked by a Peninsula group called Glare, a strike-supporting Guild member until "we were turned off by the attitude at a strike meeting—we were falling back into the Establishment trap." Glare offered to do the work this weekend for free, after seeing Helms' profitless loss statements, and spokesman John Darcy further stated: "This is the only new art form left in this City. Graham has prostituted it, but Chet's doing all he can for it."

It was a matter of relating with (1) Bill Graham and (2) Chet Helms.

## Steve Paul Splits The Scene

BY JAN HODENFIELD

NEW YORK—Steve Paul, founder and impresario of the Scene, just off Manhattan's gritty theatrical district, has closed up shop after five years.

Official reason given for the closing is that Paul wants to devote his energies to his other interests, among which Johnny Winter is most notable. Paul brought Winter up from Texas following a write-up of the blues guitarist in *ROLLING STONE* last winter, and, as manager, led Winter into his lucrative contract with Columbia.

Plans are now to sell the establishment and renovation is underway to make it more presentable to prospective buyers.

Gossip, meanwhile, has it that Paul had also tired of hassles provided by a junior mafia that kept trying to shake him down. The last night the basement club was open—the night of Blind Faith's premiere at Madison Square Garden—there was a punch-up between a kicking grease-ball and club manager Teddy Slatos. The g.b., frequently a dark presence in the club, reportedly

started the brawl when a drink was knocked off his table. Whatever the causes, the effect was that a bruised but upright Teddy closed the club half an hour early and it never re-opened.

Ungano's, further up the West Side, instituted a policy of live performers nine months ago, and is expected to fill the gap left by Paul's departure. No one, however, is soon likely to manage Paul's influence on the New York music scene.

The 27-year-old former publicist ran a joint where the ventilation was noxious, the lighting haphazard, the acoustics deafening, the ambience seedy, in a neighborhood screaming out for urban renewal. But with a combination of moxie, pretension and intuition, Paul made the Scene the place to go to when you wanted to find out what was going to be happening on the national scene six months later.

For beginning groups, the club was an introduction-point and a musical testing ground before peers. At early points in their careers, Hendrix, the Doors, the Rascals, Blood Sweat and Tears, the Chambers Brothers all appeared there. The jams were legendary: Janis Joplin and Eric Burdon, Tiny Tim and the Doors, Richie Havens and Joan Baez, Jimmy Page and Jeff Beck, Hendrix and Morrison, Hendrix and B. B. King even the Monkees with Zappa. Naturally enough, it was the number one hang-out for groupies.

And it was at the Scene that Tiny Tim, as the House Freak, first broke into prominence. After Mr. Tim's departure, Paul declared, "Tiny Tim, born a universe, is becoming a star."

Steve Paul, born an impresario, is becoming a manager.

## Beach Boy: 'They Can't Hear Music'

LOS ANGELES—Beach Boy Carl Wilson has been indicted by a federal court for failure to report for civilian work in lieu of serving two years in the army.

The Beach Boys' manager, Nick Grillo, meanwhile, claims the guitarist did indeed report at Los Angeles County Hospital, as ordered, more than a year ago. At that time, Grillo said, Wilson had been ordered to serve as an "institutional helper" and Wilson offered to conduct musical therapy classes instead.

Personnel at the hospital said an "institutional helper" would be placed wherever he was needed—clerking in an office, working in the hospital kitchen, or cleaning up after patients in a ward. This category was described as being the sort given employees who hadn't passed civil service examinations.

Rather than take on such work, Grillo said, Wilson offered his draft board a 10-page program whereby the 22-year-old Beach Boy would be responsible for developing rehabilitation courses at county hospitals, teaching handicapped youngsters how to play the guitar.

"The hospital people approved the program, said it was groovy," Grillo said. "But we didn't get any response from the Selective Service Board. You know what they're like. Rigid. Not quite creative enough to recognize a good plan when they see it. They looked under 'M' and it didn't say anything beginning with music and that was that."

U.S. Attorney Malt Byrne announced the indictment the end of July and Wilson appeared with his attorney in federal court a few days later to sign necessary forms and be released on his own recognizance. Further hearings were to be held, but no dates were announced.

Wilson had been acquitted of draft evasion by a federal court in 1967 (following a headline arrest in New York), on the ground that an induction order had been improperly signed at the musician's Gardena, Calif., draft board. Wilson was later given a 1-0 (Conscientious Objector) classification and ordered to report for two years of civilian duty.

## Committee Leaves TV Rock Show

HOLLYWOOD—Members of The Committee have been dropped as hosts of ABC-TV's upcoming contemporary music show, *The Music Scene*.

The mass "firing" came following a disagreement over which members of the improvisational theatre group would introduce songs on the show and an apparent power struggle over who would select these members.

The Committee's director-manager, Alan Myerson, apparently took the position he would pick the players to be featured on the series, using a rotation system, six per show. While Ken Fritz, *The Music Scene*'s co-producer (and former Smothers Brothers co-producer) said, "I needed assurances I'd have a basic company, regulars which I'd supplement from time to time. As producer, I had to have that prerogative."

Committee members said they were operating on a verbal agreement, and Fritz said that although money and control of material had been agreed upon, there was no guarantee The Committee, as an entity, would do the show.

Since the action—what Fritz called a "mid-course correction"—was taken, Fritz has been busy assembling a new family of ad lib satirists. Those signed thus far include one member of The Committee, Chris Ross, and a former member of Second City, David Steinberg, while another former Committee member, Carl Gottlieb, remains as the show's head writer.

The change of hosts has had its effect, however. Still another Committee member, Peter Bonner, resigned as one of the program's writers when he heard the news. And several important rock acts are reportedly unhappy about the turn of events.

Fritz, meanwhile, said no acts have cancelled. In fact, he said, he has added several top acts to the fall lineup—James Brown, Pete Seeger, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, John Mayall, Three Dog Night and Creedence Clearwater Revival among them.

The 45-minute program debuts Monday, September 22nd.





eral years, but I'd never seen him more relaxed. "You know, Ginger and Jack Bruce (Cream's bass guitarist) were the first people I saw when I originally came down to London. And I've always wanted to get together with Eric. I think he wanted to work with me too. Over the years, we've spent a lot of time jamming together out in the country. But up until now, the time hadn't been right for us to get together."

Clapton: "I was completely knocked out by Stevie when I first saw him in Birmingham with the Spencer Davis Group. He was really serious about what he was into. It's very hard to be original within the framework of what you're trying to do, but he was already doing that then."

"Blind Faith is not a blues group, I don't think," said Stevie. "More of a folk-rock or a rock band. It's very difficult to put us into any category. Our only aim is to turn people on to our music. We want to make music with which people can experience something; we want to interpret the way people feel. A common bond of feeling."

"But it won't be a set format. Change is very necessary to keep things going. There must be compromise within the group and there will be. With some musicians, it's important just to be able to sit down and make music. That is difficult to do with most other musicians. I think we're making it here."

"Blind Faith is undoubtedly the most exciting thing in my career. It's all a bit fantastic really." Winwood wrote three of the six tracks on the initial album, and true to form, he played organ, piano, guitar (there were times at the session when he and Eric couldn't distinguish who was playing what), and sang on most of them.

Rather unexpectedly, the Blind Faith album is more of Winwood than Clapton or Baker, as far as musical influence is concerned. You hear more of Traffic than Cream in there. A friend explained that Clapton had always resented the fact of having to play a lead part, rather than wanting to. In many ways Winwood is the leader of Blind Faith.

"I'm much more excited about the future of Blind Faith," said Clapton, "than I was with Cream at the beginning. But we went through the Cream thing, and we learnt the lesson. This time we won't make the same mistakes again."

"Now we're doing it all again from scratch. We have a fresh approach, and we're going to keep ahead of it all, whereas Cream got into the same things over and over and over again. It all became a bit of a drag. With Blind Faith, there's going to be a lot of changes going down all the time. I don't think we'll get stale."

"After Cream broke up, I had the first real rest I've had since playing guitar. I'm feeling good now, and I'm ready for whatever comes. I'm excited and I can't wait for tomorrow and the next day and everyday."

Baker, still creating headwear from the frantic Times said that he really had nothing to say, and suggested I talked to Rick Grech. "Blind Faith is great. It's the best thing that's ever happened to me. It's an incredible challenge."



ERIC HAYES

## BLIND

BY RITCHIE YORKE

**NEW YORK**—The four members of Blind Faith—the instant super group whipped up with two-thirds of the soured Cream—were entrenched in a plush 16th floor suite of New York's Drake Hotel, just off Park Avenue.

Stevie Winwood, the former leader of Traffic and the Spencer Davis Group, sat in a corner, smiling and smoking. Ginger Baker, never still, was making paper hats on a sofa from a copy of the London Times. Rick Grech, the former Family bass guitarist, was perusing a collection of Blind Faith press clippings. Eric Clapton, in a vest of many colors, dilapidated blue jeans, bright blue suede boots with, of all things, a white shirt, was sitting on a table, gently picking an acoustic guitar.

The controversial cover of Blind Faith's first album—with an 11-year-old pallid English girl, naked the waist up, holding a model jet aeroplane—lay on a table. Copies of albums by B. B. King, Otis Redding, Ma Rainey, the Bee Gees, Joe South, Joe Cocker and Blind Lemon Jefferson were scattered on the rug. The first pressing of the Blind Faith album was vibrating forth from a portable stereo.

The phone kept ringing and a publicist kept repeating: "No, Blind Faith are not doing any interviews, they don't feel like it. Their music says it all." There weren't many people there; two men from Atlantic Records, two publicists, no groupies, a man from Billboard and Robert Stigwood, the band's dapper former Australian manager.

I've known Stevie on and off for sev-

"Sure, it's going to be tough to replace Jack Bruce. People are thinking that Blind Faith is just an extension of Cream, but that's not true. Far from it. When people come to talk to us, they go to Eric and Stevie and Ginger. I'm always the last one. But I accept that and I'm working on it."

"Musically, Eric, Stevie and Ginger were the only guys I ever wanted to work with. I've always been dissatisfied musically. This couldn't have come at a better time. Blind Faith is only concerned with music. We realize that we're in this as long as we dig it. When that stops, so does Blind Faith. There will be no reprisals, no hangups, nothing like that."

The long-awaited album was produced by Jimmy Miller, rather than Felix Pappalardi, who'd done most of the Cream sessions. Clapton explained: "Jimmy is more into rock 'n' roll than Felix was. Felix came from the other side. Jimmy is great, he's helped us a great deal and I don't think we'd ever have finished the album without him."

The massive adulation, and the resultant ego tripping, is still to come. That point was brought home on the elevator taking Blind Faith down to a waiting limousine and rehearsals for the first North American tour. A middle-aged man came into the elevator, leading an old man with a walking stick. The younger of the two asked Clapton what group he was in. When told Blind Faith, he said: "Wait 'til my daughter hears about this. She'll be green with envy!"

## FAITH



# FESTIVALS



JOSEPH SA

Jefferson Airplane in Atlantic City

## Atlantic City: Pop! Goes the Boardwalk

BY JOHN LOMBARDI

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—It was a "people's festival," even though the granting of the crowds' wishes was largely inadvertent.

Obviously determined to avoid the kinds of rock-throwing incidents that turned festivals in Newport, Denver, Devonshire Downs and Venice, California into cultural shambles recently, and with one bright eye on a 1970 permit, the Atlantic City Pop Festival's organizers employed minimal guards and relaxed security here on August 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.

The "reserved seat" section immediately adjacent to the stage in the center of the A. C. Race Track where the festival was held, was over-run by kids from high in the grandstand early Saturday afternoon, and though they were persuaded by Roger McGuinn of the Byrds to at least stay clear of the miles of cable connecting the huge amplifiers and speakers surrounding the band shell, they never really relinquished their easily-won ground. As a result, long-hairs like Bob Gahagan of Morrisville, Pa., who hadn't even paid to get in, could light joints (three feet from Frank Zappa's wildly-flailing ponytail and casually rap with a newly svelte Janis Joplin while disgruntled people who'd laid out \$15 for the three day trip looked on morosely from beyond the track rail, 30 yards away.

Gahagan, asked his opinion of the festival, the first in the Boston-to-Washington, D.C. metropolitan corridor, offered:

"Well, the sound isn't what it ought to be and the crowd isn't that hip, but what can you ask? It's a beginning."

Defining the hipness of the crowd became a major preoccupation of the local press, which, like the local straight resident, which unused to such wild goings on. The press seemed to spend more time socio-contextualizing than digging the sounds. Perched high above the alternately sweating and shivering throngs (Friday and Saturday were totally humid; Sunday was totally drenching) in the race track's air-conditioned press box, the journalists exchanged comments and witticisms on the plebian happenings far below them:

"Did you see the size of that girl who undressed?" one close-cropped blonde reporter asked her rather androgynous-looking companion. She was wearing Roman-style sandals with leather thong laces that tied just below her knees.

"Poor thing," her friend replied.

"I can't wait to see the shots of those kids shimmying up the light tower," a

Philadelphia Inquirer reporter said loudly. "The cut-line can read 'Rock Fans Get High On Phallic Symbol.'"

Everyone in the press box laughed.

Actually the crowd was having a fine time, oblivious of its transgressions or degree of hipness. The average Delaware Valley kid—and most of the 110,000 rock fans on the grounds were from Pennsylvania and New Jersey although there were license plates from as far away as Maine and Florida glistening in the Sunday night rain—was too busy absorbing the high tension vibes to notice much else. The music was there, pounding interminably in 12-hour stretches—noon to midnight—but the stage served as a kind of emotional vortex rather than a visual point of reference, a rhythmic epicenter from which he could shoot up and out, snake dancing while the Chambers Brothers roared "Timel"; dry-humping while Joplin dropped to a squat and spread her knees; toking and sneering while Zappa and the Mothers freaked. Many of the kids lying on the muddy ground or wrapped in soggy blankets were actually facing away from the stage.

A lot of them had been coming down the Black and White Horse Pike and the Atlantic City Expressway for years, heading for the various New Jersey "shores," but this was the first time they had had more to look forward to than cruising the boardwalks of Atlantic City, Wildwood and Ocean City. (Unlike California where everyone takes the sea for granted and rides, walks or thumbs easily to the "beach," the 50 or 60-mile trip to the ocean for Philadelphia-area kids is still considered an excursion—the cultural revolution in the East is that far behind).

Consequently, the crowd got high on itself. There was no need to drive into Atlantic City where, it knew from experience, there would be signs saying "No Persons Are Allowed on the Beach from 10 a.m. to 6 a.m." and where the arterio-sclerotics still stared down at you from their terraces at the Dennis and the Chalfonte-Hadden Hall. Who the hell was interested in Frailinger's Salt Water Taffy when you could get strawberry mescaline in prodigious amounts for a five-dollar bill right outside your green pup tent? A large area west of the track had been reserved for campers, but so many people showed up with tents and sleeping bags that by Saturday, green canvas dotted every approach to the grounds, and peace signs blew in the wind for a five-mile radius. Everything was out in the open—few chicks wore bras, many of the guys were bare-chested, dope-smoking was so flagrant that anyone sitting within five rows of the stage was guaranteed at least mild contact high. A couple of people stripped but only one was arrested. Lost of kids

climbed the 75-foot light towers, but no one got hurt. ("I'm still up," one boy laughed as he slid to the ground). None of this is unusual except in the sense that it hadn't happened in the Philadelphia area before. There was a feeling of "beginning" about the pop festival, and the acts, even some of the big ones, seemed almost incidental.

On Friday the standout act was Procul Harum. Although the sound system hadn't been perfected, the band's newest material sounded fuller and less stereotyped than the stuff on the *Shine On Brightly* album. "The Devil Came From Kansas" was especially effective with Matthew Charles Fisher's heavy organ a little lighter and Robin Trower's light guitar a little heavier.

Joni Mitchell, competing with a heavy wind, lousy mikes and a buzzing crowd, left the stage in tears after only three songs. Rumor had it that she'd been bugged by people before the concert about taking a gig at a rock festival, and she did say, during one of the few times she was audible, that she "must sound pretty thin up here."

The Chambers Brothers, closing out the Friday night series, did all their standards but seemed to drag a little. Still, they finished with a 20-minute version of "Time" that inspired huge snakesdances through the upper and lower stands and across the grounds.

The audience stormed the fence early Saturday while the Byrds were doing "This Wheel's on Fire," and despite McGuinn's somewhat reluctant plea for order (he apologized to the crowd later, saying "they asked me to do it.") the festival was theirs from that point on.

They edged closer and closer to the stage while Booker T. Jones and the M.G.'s ran through their "soul" sounds—including "Summertime" done in a wrenching, chopping arrangement and "Mrs. Robinson," done pretty much the same way.

The crowd continued auto-hyping itself however, and applauded madly after every number. It grew so hot in the afternoon that a tank truck squirted water into the stands drew a bigger hand than the music, but even Hugh Masekela's endless riffing was well-received. By late evening when the Jefferson Airplane arrived, there was a camp-ground cohesiveness operating on the festival field. The Airplane played for two hours, and everyone wandered away dazed at 1 a.m.

When I arrived on Sunday, the Buddy Miles Express was engaging in the sort of wretched excess indiscriminating rock fans and stoned heads often mistake for intensity. Miles, fatter than ever with his sweat-soaked shirt rolled up above his navel and unbuttoned to display what can only be described as feminine breasts, howled and stomped

through the old Gene Vincent song "Cigarettes and Coffee." The song was corny when Vincent did it 10 years ago, but Miles' embellishments, including fresh lines like "My Baby, she so fine/My baby she clean outasight," were beyond the call of duty. Still, the crowd loved him.

During Canned Heat's set it became obvious that nothing could offend the people. Despite Harvey Mandel's presence as a pick-up guitarist and Snooky Flowers' fine sax back-up, "Bear" Hite's boys managed to turn a 40-minute blues boogie into an unrelieved four chord progression. It sounded as if some giant needle had snagged somewhere in the sky, and when the revolving stage turned at the end of the set to reveal Joe Cocker and the Grease Band, it was like watching some fabulous juke-box turntable.

Cocker, replete with jutting gut and exaggerated finger motions, was a vast improvement. He needed very little help from his friends.

Joplin had been hanging around backstage during Cocker's act, alternately sucking on an orange and putting at a bottle of Gavilan tequila. She rapped freely with the kids who pressed near her, telling them in her best bawdy house delivery about "some old guy who brought me a bottle of Comfort and expected me to go back to his hotel."

Later that night she did 90 minutes of on-stage wish-fulfillment, grinding with Snooky Flowers on a 6/8 version of "Can't Turn You Loose." The crowd didn't applaud as readily at the beginnings of her songs as usual, because it didn't recognize them. "Summertime," for example, now begins with an almost classic trumpet and oboe introduction. Her new stuff, like "Cosmic Blues," which she announced would be the title of her next album, is heavily brassy and close to straight soul.

Little Richard screamed the festival to a close. As he stopped, the sky seemed to crack.

The next day the papers reported a total of 49 busts for the three-day weekend, eight of them for drugs, and Atlantic County prosecutor Robert N. McAllister announced he would mount an investigation into the narcotics situation at the festival.

The Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce came out publicly for the rock show, however, president Anthony M. Day noting that the crowd was "a well-behaved group and I do not feel that the festival hurt business." The Chamber elaborated the point by mentioning "several hundred thousand dollars" in revenue for local merchants and businesses.

Thus, even though the reasons are "impure," the cultural revolution seems assured at least another year on the East Coast.



# Appaloosa: A rare breed.



**APPALOOSA:** *n-s usu cap* (prob. after Palouse Indians) one of a breed of rugged saddle horses developed in western No. America from stock of Spanish origin and distinguished by mottled skin, vertically striped hoofs, and a patch of white hair over rump and joints that is blotched or dotted with darker color.  
—Webster's Third New International Dictionary

"Out of Cambridge, Massachusetts, comes nineteen-year-old John Compton, poet-singer extraordinaire. The author of over sixty songs, Compton brings the golden rush of purity to his music with such intensity that the only musician he is emotionally comparable to is Donovan. Yet he is very much into his own thing: a style, as strange as it may sound, that can only be defined as mid-century American youth facing emotional maturity. He sings of these moments when our lives change and the beauty and truth in his lyrics ring so true because he sings from his own experience and sense of truth. Listen to John Compton's album, *Appaloosa*, produced by Al Kooper." —Eye magazine



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# FREE

The new freedom everybody talks about is pretty hard to live up to. In the music business, with so many restrictions on what can go down, freedom is even harder to achieve.

Along comes a group from England, calling itself Free, representing that freedom, living it, exhibiting it. They release their first album in England, called *Tons Of Sobs*. The music is wild; it is truthful—like the blues. It is as much as it can be, the way Free meant it to be. It is now released in America unchanged from the original. And everyone takes a sizeable step toward that freedom they all dream of.

What it adds up to is an important album. By Free, in the name of free, for those who understand and aspire to freedom.



# TONS OF SOBS

Produced by Guy Stevens



## Seattle Gives Peace a Chance

BY ED LEIMBACHER

SEATTLE, Wash.—"Music, Love and Peace"—that was the announced theme of Seattle's first annual Pop Festival, held the weekend of July 25th at Wood-entville's Gold Creek Park in a farm valley northeast of Seattle. Well, music there was a plenty, and peace reigned supreme throughout the heat and sweat of the three-day festival. As for love, let each man keep counsel with himself; my mama didn't raise no blabbermouths.

But, more than anything else, the Seattle Pop Festival was characterized by organization. Promoter Boyd Grafmyre and his army of regulars and volunteers (headed by Sky River's John Chambliss) really got it together, on a site offering a swimming pool, carnival rides, and weekend camping, all right near the music area itself.

Some of the special features: shuttle buses from the parking lots; a home-grown security force (half of them young blacks from Seattle's Central Area Motivation Program), plus hands-off cooperation from the King County Sheriff's Office; big dudes on horseback guarding the fences; a wide stage allowing one act to set up unobtrusively while another act was still on; and an impeccable sound system run by McCune Sound of San Francisco, blasting the music crisply and cleanly all the way to the hills a half-mile away.

The festival's only problems simply transcended Grafmyre's organization. A water shortage in the whole area forced a periodic shutdown of water on the site; and the music ran till 2 or 3 A.M. each night (rather than the scheduled midnight). No one was really hassled that the music went on to the wee small hours, but the lack of water threatened to become more serious in the 85-degree-plus weather (the thermometer dropped below 45 at night, giving the lightly-clad listeners something else to think about).

But these minor upsets couldn't stop the general good feeling, which was bolstered further by helicopter flower-drops, parachutists, a balloon ascension, nightly fireworks, and even a lousy hypnotist. The audience—some 70,000 strong in the three days—grooved on, and numerous musicians remarked how pleasantly laid-back they were finding it all, in contrast to recent events elsewhere. Ex-Byrd Chris Hillman told late-arriving Byrdman Roger McGuinn, "It's good out there, almost as good as Monterey."

Though the days were hot, the scene was cool and the personal burns minimal. A girl freaked out, screaming for her lost "Ed!" for nearly an hour. Another spaced guy took a running dive into the barbed-wire perimeter fence. A few people fell prostrate in the heat. One lone fat girl wandered naked and forlorn through the impervious crowd. Some other genitalia swung briefly in and out of sight.

And the darkness found 10,000 to 40,000 people huddling together for warmth, roasting their hands over candles and small fires (illegal but tolerated) and each other, or seeking another kind of Nirvana—hunting papers, comparing prices, trying stuff.

As for the music, it ran non-stop—11 A.M. to 2 A.M. each day—and the overall quality of performance was decidedly high (you might say), from blues, R&B and folk to rock, jazz and who knows. Friday's best moments were Albert Collins' cookin' blues, the Flying Burrito Brothers' shitkickin' renditions of "Lucille" and "Sweet Dreams, Baby" (plus their own tunes), Alvin Lee of Ten Years After playing mean guitar with a drumstick, Seattle's favorite Youngbloods funk away the hour while the sun vanished behind the hills, and the headlining Byrds, who sleepwalked through their old numbers but woke up for the C&W tunes.

Bo Diddley encoored with a stone "Monn"; Santana pleased and bored with their conga-rites; and It's A Beautiful Day talked pseudo-hip and played nearly-real. But the best of Friday came after midnight, backstage in the artists' area, where Gram Parsons honkytonked on a piano by himself while, across the room, Byrds McGuinn and Clarence White picked through an impromptu "5 D" and "Old John Robertson" for an admiring group.

Friday had been overcast ("God was a little uptight 'cause we didn't send Him any comps," said one of Grafmyre's cohorts), but Saturday came on clear and

Tina in Seattle



hot, bringing the water shortage as well as the sunshine.

Albert Collins—with his beret-shaped process and his clean guitar—heard his soul brothers yelling, "Get it, Albert!"—so he did. The Burritos won a few more friends to country-funk. Canada's Guess Who proved themselves all hype by re-doing word for word their routine about "wheatfield soul." Alice Cooper offered violence and perversion and no music.

Then came fat and bearded Lonnie Mack. What a beautiful cat! No other white man can sing black music like Mack—whether the Falcons' "I Found a Love" or a B. B. King slow blues. The climax was Mack putting his guitar aside to do a whole James Brown thing, sitting, even lying on the stage while he kept chugging out a gospel-sounding "Where There's a Will."

Bo Diddley came on next and brought Saturday's 23,000 back to their feet. After a very raunchy version of the Dozens done with his girl singer, Cookie Valtaz (sample: "I heard yo' daddy eats light bulbs"—"What you mean?"—"I heard him tell yo' mother if she turns out the light, he'll eat a little piece"), he crept into a slow, slow, teasing few bars that the audience dug right away as "Bo Diddley"; and when that famous beat and guitar sound suddenly busted loose, the crowd was all his.

A tough act to follow—but not for the Ike and Tina Turner Revue. What can I say? Tight 10-man integrated band, malevolent-looking Ike in his riverboat gambler's garb, the bee-you-tiful brainless Ikettes, and Miss Tina herself—Indian features, trim muscular body, and atomic energy. When Tina and the Ikettes got to movin' all over the stage, the male half of the audience needed a cold shower. One poor guy actually impaled himself on the stage barricade trying to get at Tina, and it took five spade security guards to drag him away. "Everyday People," "I Heard It Through the Grape Vine"—a long sermonette built around "Respect," and, of course, "River Deep—Mountain High" were the magic moments. The Revue's smokebomb finish was just extraneous.

Things slipped back after that—through Santana and Chicago to the I AM closer, Chuck Berry. Berry had been scheduled for 11, backed by the Youngbloods. But at 1, while they were setting up, he suddenly decided not to proceed along that basis after all. Bad vibes all around then for another 20 minutes. 'til Berry at last launched into "Nadine" (backed finally by a local group led by Jim Manolides). The crowd loved it and him, all the way through to "Johnny B. Goode," but the ego trip beforehand diffused that R&R great's full impact.

A cold night followed, warmed by whatever and whoever anybody had. Then Day Three, Sunday, dawned with more of the same sun and sounds. The peace symbols, American flags, and bikinis were out in full force—30,000 scenic wonders and up-from-unders, beer-drinkers and deep-thinkers, sodapoppers and acid-droppers.

Aside from Charles Lloyd's nice and easy jazz and Albert Collins' third appearance (with a sharp and slashing "Crosscut Saw"), the afternoon went slow. Then Spirit opened the 6 P.M.-on Show of Shows—some old times, some new, but the wholly Spirit was there most in a strung-together "It's All the Same" and "Fresh Garbage."

Ike and Tina's second appearance

lacked some of the fire and brimstone of Saturday's. It was a small turn-off to see and hear the exact same polished routine—I started thinking of Harry Belafonte—and Tina's hot vocals and cool talk seemed less convincing.

Next, once again, the Youngbloods had the honor of welcoming-in the night and molding the motley crowd into a community. They pulled it off with a long and splendid set ranging from a beautiful "Get Together" to a got-together "Beaufield" that left all 40,000 dancing and shouting for more.

But the group that played their encore was Vanilla Fudge. After the usual excessive and exceedingly long batch of melted Fudge (with the organist looking as spastic as ever), they encoored with a relatively brief "Shotgun," best of an uncouth lot.

Nervous silence then; mulling around thousands, stage lights blinking—suddenly the quiet announcement, "Ladies and gentlemen, the Doors." And there it was, the 4-Door model with the jet off-take. There he was, Jim the Lizard King Morrison, looking nicely patriarchal in denim jacket and full beard. (Evidently Morrison thought he'd exposed enough of himself lately.) After all this time and all that hype, the charisma was still there. Or was it? Though the Doors' instrumental work was more intricate and stunning than anyone had reason to expect for the chestnuts, "Light My Fire" and "The End," and though Morrison went through some amazing stream-of-consciousness bits, from where I was—off to the side and away from any bonfire—in the chill night air and with the hills looming beyond, I just kept thinking, "So what, Jim. So what."

But the rest of the crowd was hipped for that orgasmic moment of the Festival—and they stayed erect for Led Zeppelin. Robert Plant screamed his guts out, Jimmy Page bowed some phenomenal sounds from his guitar; the group even survived a momentary power breakdown. (The finest music, however, was Page's 8-minute almost-solo of "White Summer.")

It was past midnight by then. Chuck Berry split in disgust at being delayed again; the Burritos did a third set, but Chris Ehridge was up from a sickbed. Gram Parsons was losing his voice, and the crowd was thinning fast. After its remarkable 62-hour lifespan, the Seattle Pop Festival just slowly ground to a halt. Lee Michaels locked the dichards to sleep—and Boyd Grafmyre went home to count his money.

## Roundup of Rock

DALLAS, Tex.—The first rock festival ever held in the southwest takes place over the three-day Labor Day weekend (August 30th-September 1st) at the Dallas International Motor Speedway, 12 miles north of Dallas. Produced by the same people who put together the Atlanta Pop Festival over the Fourth of July, the Dallas affair will headline Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, B. B. King, Janis Joplin, Sly and the Family Stone, Led Zeppelin, and Sam & Dave. Also scheduled: Cannon Heat, Chicago, Herbie Mann, Tony Joe White, Nazzy Spirit, Ten Years After, Freddy King, Rotary Connection, and the Incredible String Band.

For advance tickets, send bread (\$6 a day) to Box 2051 in Dallas. Prices at the gate will be jacked up.

## Sky River Will Flow Again

BY EDD JEFFORDS

SEATTLE, Wash.—The second annual Sky River Rock Festival and Lighter Than Air Fair may turn out to be a slightly less commercial re-run of the Seattle Pop Festival. Many of the groups and organizers will be the same for both festivals. Only the site, and to some degree the concept, will be different.

Through some perhaps necessary promotional inbreeding, Boyd Grafmyre, who staged the highly successful Seattle Pop event, will serve as assistant director of Sky River. John Chambliss, Sky River director, filled the same position on Grafmyre's festival. Though the titles may have been switched, promoter Grafmyre will have a lot to say about Sky River, especially since he's fronting the \$75,000 needed to get the three-day event off the ground.

Sponsored by the New American Community, Inc., and billed as a non-profit affair, the festival will be held over Labor Day weekend on a site near the small mountain town of Kanasket, about 40 miles southwest of Seattle.

Finding the site and securing it was not easy. Part of the appeal of Sky River's first run last year was its woodsy, outdoor setting. That ruled out Gold Creek Park, site of Seattle Pop. A variety of hassles also eliminated last year's site in Sultan, necessitating a search for a 100-acre site somewhere near Washington's rugged Cascade Mountains.

An ideal location first sought by festival directors became unavailable when residents of a nearby town protested so loudly the owner withdrew his offer to sell or lease. Fortunately, the New American Community had some alternate sites and from these selected the Kanasket location.

Although many of the bands, yet to be announced, will be repeats from the Seattle Pop Festival, Chambliss, also a co-director of the Berkeley Folk Festival, has invited some groups which don't fit into the rock category.

He prefers to think of Sky River as a musical event which will attract persons with varied musical tastes. Still, the festival will be heavy on rock and blues, with many fine groups represented.

Headlining, in its first Northwest appearance, will be Mother Earth. San Francisco groups will include Country Joe and the Fish, Country Weather, and the Frumious Bandersnatch. From Canada will come the Collectors, Mother Tucker's Yellow Duck and Blacksnake Blues Band.

Other groups definitely slated, with many more to come, include Big Mama Thornton, Anonymous Artists of America, Blues Image, Crome Syrcus, Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band, Dr. Humbert's New Tranquility String Band, Magic Sam, the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble, Kaleidoscope, Initial Shock, James Taylor, Elyse Weinberg, Flying Burrito Brothers and the New Lost City Ramblers.

Seattle-area bands, besides Crome Syrcus, include Juggernaut, Floating Bridge and Bluebird. Retina Circus will prepare a special light show for the event.

Artists contracted for Sky River have agreed to perform at a single rate consisting of expenses plus \$50 for each appearance. Many of the musicians will stay in temporary housing at the festival site. Others, according to their preference, will stay in Seattle hotels.

An integral part of the festival, which seeks to create a total outdoor environment situation, is the Lighter Than Air Fair, which will include a carnival midway, concessions, stage performances, and such overhead entertainment as skywriters, balloonists and fireworks. The Congress of Wonders and several local theatrical troupes will entertain on special stages throughout the festival. A film fest will take over the light show screen when the music ends each evening. Several Indian tribes, including a band of Hopis from Arizona, will erect a village of teepees on the groups and display their handicrafts.

Largely due to a lack of coordination and security, last year's festival lost \$7,000. A paid staff and professional security guards, however, is expected to turn some sort of profit for the black and Indian organizations supported by the New American Community, though much of last year's spontaneity may be missing.



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In the sunlight and the shadow  
There is Hedge, and there is Donna,  
And there is their music.*



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## Fears and Follies Kill 'Wild West'

SAN FRANCISCO — The Wild West Festival, the glorious dream of the San Francisco music scene, has died, the still-born child of incompetence, paranoia, and half-baked political speed freaks. The decision to call it off was made Wednesday (August 12th), just ten days before it was to take place.

Even as the three-day Golden Gate Park extravaganza was being laid to rest, indecision pervaded the air at San Francisco Music Council member Tom Donahue's home—when to call it off, how to call it off, who would call it off—and whether any part of the festival was still salvageable.

All in all, a bizarre exercise in *causae interruptae*.

As it came down to the wire, there was no money left to operate; the ticket sales for three evening Kezar Stadium concerts had not been properly promoted, and badly-needed funds were not coming in as had been planned.

The Wild West was under constant threat of physical violence and harassment from the so-called "crazies," various radicals who never gave their names or identities but who claimed to represent the "street people," the "culture," the "revolution."

Barry Olivier, hired by the Music Council at \$500-a-week salary to be director of the festival, proved incapable of running such a festival or of dealing with rock and roll people. (His background had been an 11-year string of folk music festivals at U.C. Berkeley.) And when confronted with the daily dozen decisions, he threw his hands in the air and waited for the advice of the Music Council, the organizing group of local hip music-scene figures who—with three exceptions—were never in town. From the beginning, there was no direct charter of action for the Wild West Show.

On top of all this were the predictable headaches and hassles from the local musicians' union and the Mayor's office, the former a haven of non-musicians who have fear and hatred in their hearts for the rock and roll scene in this city; the latter the home of a mayor paralyzed in his effort to keep his "options" open.

Wild West had been envisioned months ago—the idea first germinated into a concrete proposal in March—as a free-for-all, bacchanalian celebration of San Francisco's unique life style. For the first several weeks of talk, it was as simple as that—three days and nights of free music and arts in Golden Gate Park.

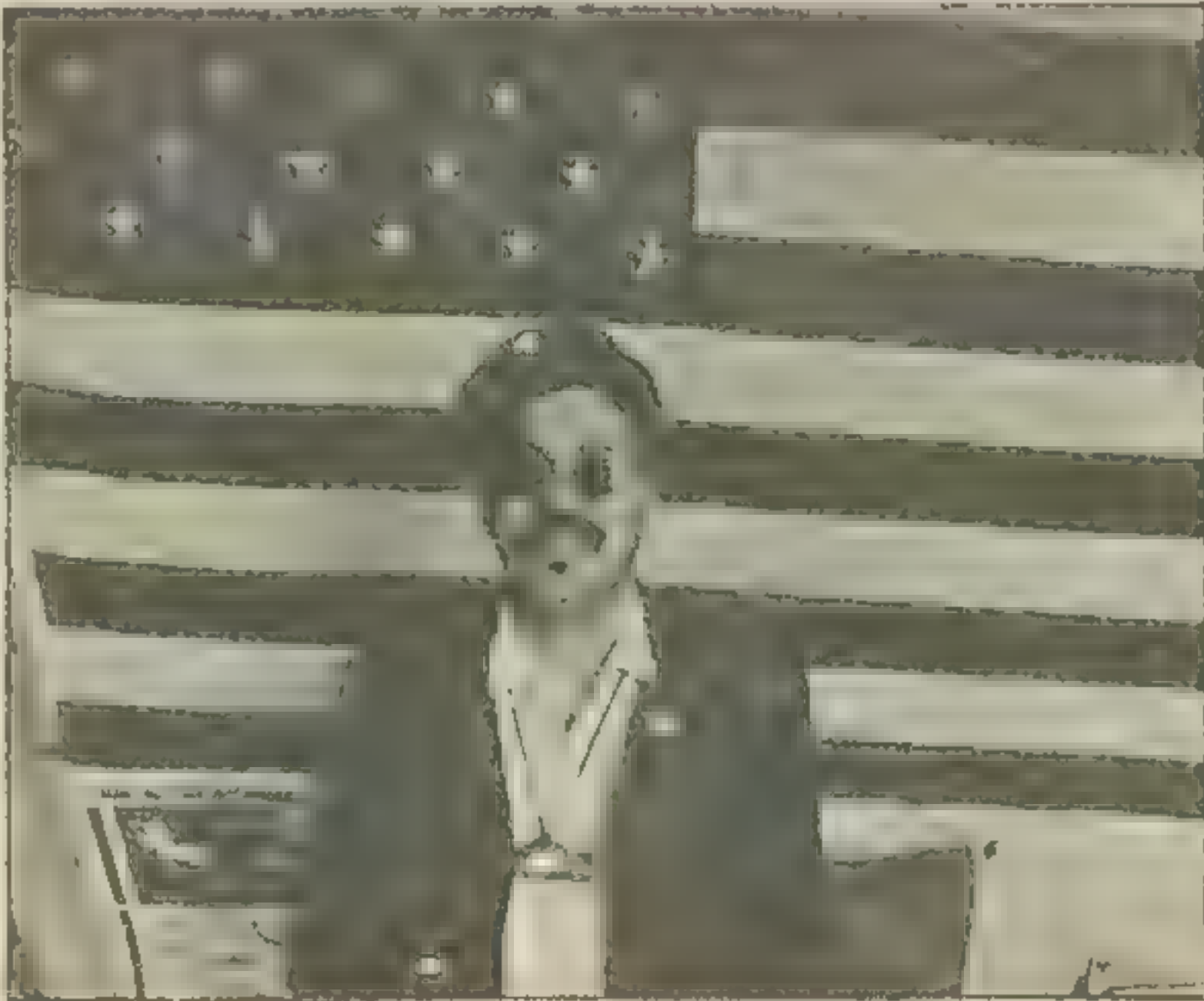
It was, of course, a beautiful idea. Other than the Monterey Pop Festival, it was going to be the first such event ever done on a non-profit basis, in which the primary focus was over 200 hours of free music in the Park, with room, stages, power, facilities, food, and monitors enough for some 200,000 people each day. And the only paid events—the three night time shows were to take place at only \$3.00 per person, a lower price than the local ballrooms, let alone the prices of the various spurious festivals around the country this summer—were probably going to be just enough to pay the expenses of running the show and repay the loans which got it off the ground.

There was also the possibility of a film—somewhat like the Monterey Pop documentary, which would have returned to the Music Council perhaps more than a million dollars, pledged to the purchase of land for and the construction of a San Francisco Center for Performing Arts, open to all.

But a vague and unidentifiable group of speed-freak politicians, led by an uprooted New Yorker identified variously as "John from out of town" and "John the Motherfucker" (from that cannibalistic New York street group), accused the Council of being a "cultural rip-off," of using their music for profit.

At a strike meeting July 29th they made more specific charges—that the Council was paying \$150,000 to the City for rental of Kezar plus more to "surround Golden Gate Park with 400 pigs", that the Council ("the pimp merchants of bread and circuses") was city-establishment-oriented and excluded "the hip, black, and Third World communities."

The Commune demanded, among other things, expansion of the eight-man Council to include their representatives—this while calling for a shutdown of Wild



John Sinclair: Ten years for two joints

West. They wanted to say on the spending of profits—while demanding that the flat-broke Council slash concert prices to \$1.00.

The Council reacted to the first vicious volley with an assumption that they would cancel the event rather than face the provocateurs. Then several Council members attended a "crazies" meeting, learned the nature of their game, and, in a press conference August 6th, Donahue answered charges, made a proposal to meet the strikers' basic demand, and confirmed Wild West's determination "to get it on."

Donahue, the usually low-key progenitor of the communal FM radio phenomenon, branded the ad hoc protagonists' charges lies. A detailed budget sheet showed the Wild West, however poorly organized and extravagant, flat broke as of July 31st, their only funds coming from two dance benefits and loans from Council members. "We wanted no more than a balanced book," Donahue said, "and we didn't go to foundations or record companies for front bread because that'd have destroyed the idea of total freedom." As for deals with City Hall, Donahue said that nothing close to 400 rent-a-cops had been hired (50 was the official number), that the price for Kezar was \$12,000, not \$150,000, and that the Council had long ago invited all segments of the community to join in the planning.

In trying to meet with the so-called commune, Donahue continued, Council members discovered a powerfully hostile attitude, totally antithetical to the Wild West theme of get together. "The people at the meeting," he said, "were being herded along in a manner resembling fascism. It was like an old Hitler movie. A lot of people were afraid to speak because of the way the meeting was being run." Those who didn't follow the Motherfuckers' crooked line were shouted down; Council members were insulted and threatened. A voice vote resulting in majority support for Wild West was announced the next day by Motherfucker John as "74 to 6 against Wild West." And at meetings, commandeers allowed no taking of photos.

But Donahue had said that the Council would put on the show. He proposed expansion of the Council to 22 members, including all the groups the Commune claimed to represent, itself, "and anyone else who wants to be represented." By this time, however, two underground papers in the area—the Berkeley Tribe and the Dock of the Bay, had spread the slanderous, misinformed lies, and the already-intransigent protestors stood their ground.

Besides Motherfucker John and Ronnie Davis, the hate-filled, politically anachronistic leader of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, the protestors were a scattered and unidentifiable lot, who never gave true names or addresses. Many of them, like John and the Commune itself, popped up less than a month ago. By their methods, humorless demeanors, and mouthings, it soon became apparent that they weren't there for any purpose but ripping off the first free music festival in the country. They certainly weren't artists or rock and roll fans; they themselves were the rip-off artists.

The Council and the festival manage-

ment, instead of concentrating on producing a festival and keeping in touch with the musicians and bands who are the ultimate nucleus of the scene, let themselves get distracted by this small group of nihilists whose only aim was to bring it down. The Wild West—in its several most important parts—let them.

Then, last Tuesday evening, reality showed its face. The speed freaks were almost the least of the problems. Artists for the Kezar concerts were confirmed so late that box office money simply was not coming in, meanwhile, Wild West had to pay \$6,000 for stages, \$7,000 for electric power, and \$17,000 for a deposit for Kezar.

Too, the mayor, under pressures of his own from the musicians union and a group of 70 businessmen who petitioned a protest of Wild West to him, withheld endorsement of the event until the last minute; by then the Park and Recreation Department had stiffened and made acquisition of various parts of the park more difficult; a city Supervisor was starting to make noises about the lack of security planned for the event, and Olivier remained hapless.

For business manager, he had hired an old associate, Peter Sharkey, who, when confronted by the neighborhood groups about the budget and the proceeds, told them (in an open meeting) that the question of money was "irrelevant." Sharkey was in his personal manner best described by his name. He was the wrong person in the wrong place at the wrong time.

And when it was decided that it would be a good idea to send to all people interested a statement of expenses to date and a statement of what the proceeds from Kezar would go for, the statements, drawn up by Olivier, made matters worse than if they had not been sent out at all. The listings were so vague that the effort looked like a cover-up. Categories like "control," "administrative staff," and an expenditure of \$10,000 for "sound" (Sound service companies were known to be donating all services for Wild West). Never in these budgets was it pointed out that none of this money had yet been raised or spent; it was just a guess at what expenses would be.

In its short history, the Wild West spent \$24,244.95, over half that figure representing staff salaries. Over \$13,000 in loans must now be repaid, probably through benefit concerts on what was to be Wild West Weekend.

As the mis-management of the Festival became obvious, the Council looked within its own membership for someone to come in and take it over. The only person who could have come to the rescue was Tom Donahue, under a doctor's care at the time. He is still ill today.

From that point at the beginning of August on, the only hope was a gathering of momentum. But the momentum was killed by the para-politicos.

So on Tuesday night, Ron Polte dedicated father of the brainchild and for the past several weeks the main target of the truculent scream-troupers, finally called it quits. "We were like a piece of bait caught between both sides—the Establishment and the anti-Establishment, anti-festival people, just ready for the fuckover."

Donahue said that the collapse of Wild West was indicative of the times.

"The whole thing had the aspect of being a microcosm of what's wrong with this country," he said. "The world will never change if we continue to rip each other off."

And Olivier, standing alone at a hurriedly-called, sparsely-attended press conference at Wild West's gaily-spangled Victorian house/headquarters, lent the Motherfuckers undeserved credence by pinning the festival's death on "a certainty of violence" threatened by "twenty organizations." And he said the community had shown it wouldn't cooperate. And he said another festival might be planned to make up funds.

And the Wild West Show—like the world—ended not with a bang, but with a whimper.

## Ten-Year Sentence On Sinclair Bust

ANN ARBOR, Mich.—Defense funds are being organized, and benefits planned, for White Panther Party Information Minister and MCS Manager John Sinclair who has been sentenced to a maximum 9 1/2-10 years for possession of marijuana. Two joints, to be exact.

The ferocious Santa Claus of the Trans-Love Commune on Ann Arbor's Fraternity Row was refused bond pending appeal and is now in Jackson State Prison, minus hair, mustache and beard.

An all-white Detroit Recorder's Court jury found him guilty, July 25th, after an hour's deliberation and he was sentenced three days later. At that point, he went to pieces, thrashing about and raving about vultures. Seventy-five supporters added to the tumult. One left the court screaming, "What are you going to do about us?"

In his final statement before sentence was passed, Sinclair emphasized that police procedures used against him were illegal and that there had been a conspiracy to "get" him because of his role as a prime mover in the Detroit hip-radical-rock and roll youth culture. "The punishment I've received in the two and one half years since the arrest is cruel and unusual punishment . . . Everyone taking part in this is guilty of violating the Constitution . . . the sentence will be ridiculous whatever it is."

The speed with which the jury reached its verdict, and the harshness of the sentence, did not surprise scene watchers—sympathetic and otherwise—in the Ann Arbor-Detroit area. It had long been coming as the Public Nuisance Bust of Year, because of Sinclair's leadership position and his advocacy of "rock and roll, dope and fucking in the street. (as) a program of total freedom for everybody."

Unfortunately, it was Sinclair's third arrest on marijuana charges. He escaped with probation after the first, in 1964, and served six months in the workhouse after the second, in 1965. He had pleaded guilty both times.

This time, however, he tried to fight the charges. Not only did he lose, but the prosecution is now trying to get the sentence upped to 20 years, on grounds that Sinclair had violated his parole.

According to the Detroit Free Press, two undercover police agents—one a woman—"were working late in 1966 to infiltrate hippie communities around Wayne State University . . . after receiving the two marijuana cigarettes from Sinclair . . . they made excuses about not smoking the weed and left the apartment with the evidence."

According to those around Sinclair, the two agents had been hassling him for dope for weeks and he finally gave it to them just to shut them up. He refused the money they threw down before fleeing and the original charges of selling narcotics were dropped when the prosecution decided against getting into an entrapment trap.

Judge Robert J. Colombo, in sentencing Sinclair, denounced Sinclair as a scowflaw whom "we have tried to understand . . . we have tried to rehabilitate and reform."

The Trans-Love Energies Commune, heretofore dependent on Sinclair's picaresque but decisive leadership, is spearheading the John Sinclair Defense Fund and is asking that donations be sent to 1510 Hill Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104. Although the MCS earlier disavowed themselves from their manager's White Panther Political Party, they will lead benefits for the defense fund.



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The Savage Rose sound is difficult to describe. They use 14 amplifiers. A harpsichord, an organ and a piano (all three) are an integral part of their music. The pianist, leader, composer is a classical dropout. (He wrote an opera for the Royal Danish Opera. Used to give organ recitals. And more recently was commissioned to compose a rock score for a Royal Theatre Shakespearean production.)



And then there's Anisette. (She looks incredible. Sings as she looks.)

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## Everyone Went To the Moon

BY HENDRIK HERTZBERG

NEW YORK—Watching the Moon Celebration from atop a nearby knoll, it was possible to imagine that the great event was not Apollo 11, but the landing of creatures from some enigmatic planet in Central Park. The three big television screens, grouped in the middle of the meadow, suggested the glowing walls of a spaceship, and the silent, stirring crowds, the searchlights playing in the mist, and the metallic voices echoing in the trees all reinforced the fantasy.

What was actually going on, of course, was scarcely less remarkable. New Yorkers were trying to comprehend together what is so hard to comprehend alone, the experience (as Vladimir Nabokov wrote in the next day's New York Times) of "treading the soil of the moon, palpitating its pebbles, tasting the panic and splendor of the event, feeling in the pit of one's stomach the separation from terra."

A deafening cheer went up when a human foot touched the moon's surface for the first time, and equally lusty boos greeted President Nixon's self-congratulatory phone call, but the general mood was quiet and thoughtful. The word "incredible" tended to recur in conversation.

The crowd was young, but in other ways diverse, and minus the usual racial and cultural cold stares. The police kept well in the background where, like big Cub Scouts, they gravely returned the hellos of longhairs and politely directed them to the action.

The Moon Site, as it was officially called, was conceived by Joel Mason, a 25-year-old graphic designer for the city, and executed by Mayor Lindsay's moderately hip Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administration. Besides the three television screens, provided free by the networks, the media mix included a light sculpture by Forrest Myers, films of past space flights, snippets of old science fiction movies, and Lindsay himself, who appeared at the edges of the crowd at precisely midnight.

The hundreds who dressed all in white for the occasion fluoresced in the glow of a bank of black lights. Whitesheeted students from the School of Visual Arts held the edges of a parachute and tossed a beachball high in the air in a devilish Moon Dance. A pear-shaped hot air balloon managed to ascend to treetop level before it collapsed in a heap like the Vanguard rockets of Eisenhower days.

Incidental music, at interplanetary volume levels, was provided by the Silver Apples ("The silver apples of the moon/The Golden apples of the sun,"—Yeats). Their composition, "Mune Toon," the program said, was "exactly 1012.115 seconds long (approximately 16.8 minutes), this figure being the quotient of the mean distance of the moon from the earth (238,857 miles) divided by the perimeter of the Simeon synthesizer in inches (235)." Concessionaires sold moondogs, Cosmic Cokes, and other galactic treats.

Intermittent rain kept attendance from going much above 10,000, but the sea of umbrellas only added to the strangeness of the panorama.

## Kinks Come Up With Surprise

LOS ANGELES—The Kinks, thought to have recorded their last LP, surprised their record company early this month with nine songs from a forthcoming British television drama called *Arthur*.

The play is about a man who's done little in life but watch it pass him by, was co-written as well as scored by the Kinks' guitarist and composer, Ray Davies, and will be broadcast later this year by England's Granada TV.

The nine songs written for the drama will be released by Reprise Records in October, along with two or three additional new songs, to coincide with the Kinks' second American tour. The first tour, in 1965, was generally considered the last, as well as somewhat disastrous.

News of the new album came as Davies visited Los Angeles to produce an upcoming Turtles LP, from which the American group's current single, "You Don't Have to Walk in the Rain," was taken. This represented Davies' first independent producing chore.



A giant leap for Central Park . . .

## Another Death at Leary Ranch

RIVERSIDE, Calif.—A second death in less than a month linked to the communal ranch sometimes serving as Tim Leary's residence has caused that commune to be abandoned.

An autopsy has ruled out natural causes in the death of John Griggs, 36-year-old resident of a commune owned by Leary's Brotherhood of Eternal Love Corp. Griggs, who lived in one of the commune's tepees with his wife Carol and their three children, was stricken at the ranch and died in Hemet Valley Hospital half an hour after being admitted.

Only three weeks earlier, a 17-year-old girl living in the commune drowned while swimming in a pool on the property. Police said she was under the influence of acid at the time and charged Leary with "contributing to the delinquency of a minor." That charge was dropped last week by the Riverside Municipal Court.

The county coroner's office disclosed that psilocibin was a "major factor" in Griggs' death. Before moving to the ranch a year ago, the victim had managed an art studio in Laguna Beach. One of his children was born only five days before his death.



BY AMBROSE HOLLINGWORTH

"Behold, a virgin shall be with child and bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel which means: God with us." Matthew 1:23

The above verse contains the entire meaning and purpose of the Sixth Sign of the Zodiac. Virgo means virgin which means puny of the place. However we may love funk, it has no business in a womb. It is the preparation of a body and mind so real and yet so refined that the Christ (true Love) can form within

which motivates the thoughts and actions of the people of Virgo.

When they become confused and begin to contradict or overdo their ideal it's only because of the vast importance of their complicated responsibility to the planet and to the human race. To be preparing the womb for the incarnation in all mankind of the cosmic spirit of living Love itself might be seen as even more important than personal growth. Or it may be seen that selfless service is the only way to self-realization.

It is the knowledge that this is no fantasy but a here and now living possibility, in fact a dire need, which inspires the Virgo impulse. Birth can only follow conception.

The Sixth House is the house of healing. Healing is an organic re-adjustment of the body from disorder to order according to natural law. Law and order. We call this disorder; disease, pain, injury, defeat or ill-health. In the Spirit this may be said to be an illusion but in the body it is real. Cause and effect is the first natural law. The disorder is only the effect from some previous cause. The causer always receives the final effect. Any violation returns to the violator. That natural cycle insists on being resolved before a healing re-adjustment can succeed. Both can go on at the same time but the cycle of Cause and Effect must be completed. And sometimes the Karma includes the cure.

Pregnant women need exasperatingly weird and special food because of the new life that's forming inside. The Virgo experience is very similar. In fact anyone who is approaching rebirth or a new birth of the spirit requires special food. Also anyone who is ill or disabled. The Virgo discrimination, that psychic knowing what to eat and in what form and prepared by whom and how and when and in what environment is the most natural way to arrive at appropriate nourishment. That's how wildlife does it. Of course they're not confused by supermarkets.

Zeus took many forms to seduce the daughters of men. Virgo meets him halfway for the Christ conception to take place. Halfway between individual (physical) love and Universal (Spiritual) Love. Selfless service opens the way for selfless Love.

Discrimination is the Virgo intelligence. Until man knows the differences nothing will ever be the same. Discrimination is recognizing the difference between this and that, a handy talent for life on Earth. However singular the creator, the creation is diverse. The lesson of diversity comes BEFORE the lesson of unity. And learning the differences is the reason to be born in a Mutable Sign, especially Gemini and Virgo.

Virgo is the King's Caretaker. The best of Kings would be up to his royal chin in loose ends without his careful servant. Who else would follow an act like Leo? Without Virgo things would never get back together. Virgo translates the Command of true Kingship into the Service of true Caretaking just as Leo

intends. The Earth-Signs, Capricorn, Taurus and Virgo are the Stewards of the King.

Organic ecology is a special work of the Sixth Sign. The King's Caretaker is actually responsible to Mother Nature first and then to the King. And it's all up to the King to understand that priority and to lend his kingly aid. Virgo is the green-thumb. An essential key to organic ecology is the group psychic intelligence of Nature. Virgo, the Mutable-Earth Sign is the most psychic of the Twelve. This psychic sensitivity tunes in on the group psyche of Nature and reads Her mind. In this way Virgo is able to really know Her and accurately serve Her and assist Her. Of course not all Virgoans are farmers or gardeners but the same common sense applies everywhere, window boxes and pigeons and public parks, as well as the green hills and trout streams, grassy prairies, beaches and timbered mountainsides.

Nature runs on energy, rhythm, beauty and truth. She cannot live where lies are told or where people are tired, ugly or out of rhythm. She cannot live if the earth is dirty. Virgo represents man's responsibility to not only live harmoniously with Her but also to improve Her state. Man does this (he should) not by force or trickery but as She wants him to, as She asks him to if he will listen.

Selfless service, in the terms of the Sixth Sign, means to serve without involving one's self except to serve. No personal security, no double motive, no ace-in-the-hole, no personal assumption, no final reservation, no self interest at all. Most of us aren't really into that. Most of us do not understand or believe that kind of commitment and it's seldom necessary anyway. Virgo understands it. The Sixth Tribe isn't always doing it that way either but they are always ready to.

Virgo is conservation which involves having what you need when you need it because you haven't used it for anything else. Conservation is not only of things but also of energy, interest, forces of creation, etc. We seal up the door of the boiler so the power will go out the top only. No side vents, the top only. The mystery of true celibacy (not to be confused with a sex hangup) is carried by Virgo. It's being plugged in without shorting out, a connected hose with no leaks.

The practice of not eating animal carcass comes out of the Sixth Sign awareness that we are what we eat, at least here on Earth. While our physical body is consuming the animal physical body to be a part of our own; at the same time our emotional body (a real body) is eating or consuming the emotional body of the animal. Considering the emotional state of most animals killed by civilized man for food, some people stop eating meat that comes from slaughter houses and stock ranches.

The closer to the Source the simpler it all is, the farther away the more complicated. Life on Earth is about as far removed from the Source as can be, therefore the abundance of details. Sim-

—Continued on Page 30





## The Groupies of ANNA

BY TOM MILLER

Anna, Texas, has a population of 639, and is located about 40 miles south of the Oklahoma border. It is not to be confused with Hollywood, California, on a normal day. There are two places to eat there, Stan's, a truck stop on U.S. 75, and a Dairy Queen. Most of the locals prefer Stan's.

This summer the biggest event in the history of the town came to Anna. A real honest 't god Hollywood-type movie was being filmed there—at least one scene was. *Pretty Boy Floyd*, a Bonnie and Clyde-ish flick starring Fabian (not the Fabian? The one who did "Hold that Tiger" and other light classics?) needed a bank to rob, and Anna has a building laid out like a bank, but not used as one. And since the rest of the picture was being done in the Dallas area, it weren't no trouble at all to bring people and equipment to Anna.

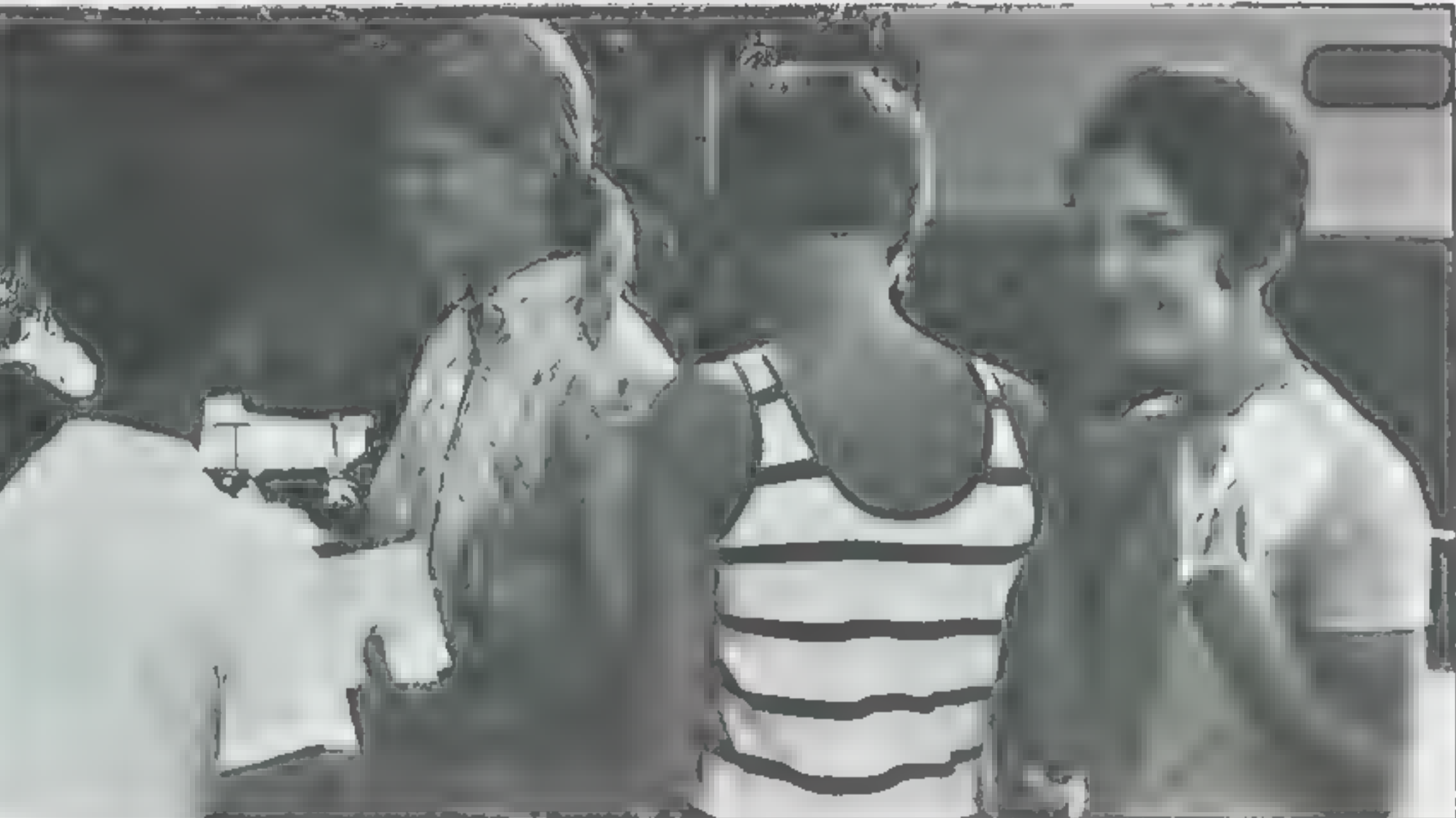
What happens when a town of 639 is invaded by a movie crew? The same as everywhere else. The groupies appear. Not the chase-'em-into-bed type, but the gawking, sometimes unassuming town-folk who want to see what the fuss is all about, and more important, want to be part of the fuss if at all possible. ("Do you think they need any local extras?")

Teenie-bop girls, about 25 of them, kept vying for position in the area next to the bank where the crew and cast set up headquarters. Instamatics and Brownie Hawkeye cameras were prevalent. Whispers traveled between the girls. "Is that Fabian?" "Do you think he'll autograph this?" "How about if we ask him for a . . . a . . . picture?" "You ask." "No, you ask." And on and on.

Young teenage males drove up on cycles. They couldn't have been over 14. They mingled around the periphery. Older women, some the mothers of teenie-boppers, stood over to the side. The Anna Garden and Bridge Club probably took the day off to come down and watch the festivities. One mother handed Fabian her three-month-old baby, and he talked to it for ten minutes.

Across the street (practically the only street) standing in front of the Anna Appliance and Grocery store were the older men, watching with their distant interest to see what the commotion was. Word had been spreading in Anna for the better part of a week that *The Movie* would be filmed here, and these men were ready. In a city they might have comprised the Old Men's Drinking and Chowder Society, but here they were the proverbial front-porch meteorologists, complete with rockers.

The town's postmistress, Mrs. Barton, recalled the last Big Event in Anna. "That very bank was held up six or eight years ago," she related. "Two bandits had cased the place, and were sitting in their car up the north end of town." She motioned towards Oklahoma. "They were just waitin' for a chance to come down and hold it up, but someone called



the Rangers, and they were run clear out of town."

Town constable Harry Callahan a retired Dallas policeman, had the job of keeping traffic flowing for the Big Day. He was an anxious as anyone to make a good impression on the outsiders, so when I asked him where I could get a bite to eat, he drove me the six blocks to Stan's and joined me for some coffee. Callahan's jurisdiction covers 15 square miles in Collins county, or about 2500 people. He has more authority than the sheriff (or as he explains it, "I can arrest the sheriff, but he can't arrest me. Why I can even arrest the Governor if he does something wrong up here.") Callahan's office is an elected post. He took office last January, and holds it for four years. "Jus' like the President," he chuckled.

Stan's was buzzing (well, humming at least) with talk of *The Movie*. It serves as a truck stop in addition to a local feeding place. Before walking in, it seemed so much the rural truck stop, I was tempted to say "I bet 'Ole to Billy Joe' will be on the juke box." Sure enough, as we entered, the sound system blurted out Bobbie Gentry's voice about something being tossed off the Tallahatchee Bridge. The juke box had diversity, though. Artists from Simon and Garfunkel to Conway Twitty could be played.

Callahan said *The Movie* stirred up more excitement than anything in the area as long as he could remember. Except about thirty or so years ago, he related, in nearby Altoga a bank was robbed of \$70,000 which wiped it out and it had to close.

Despite the loaded revolver always at his side, the constable was a pretty peaceful guy. The most trouble Anna ever had is some drunks now and then. "And it's not the young folks, it's the crew just a bit older," Callahan says most of Anna is against the war. "I'm against it. I was against us goin' in, and I'm for us pullin' out right away." Hardly a trained Marxist, he told me one reason he didn't like the war. "The rich makes all the money all the time, and the poor does all the work." Before dropping me back off at *The Movie* set, he insisted with all seriousness that I write him sometime and tell him what I'm thinking.

Labor unions may have their purpose, but when they adhere to minute regulations, they are absurd, especially in a small town. Someone was standing too close to the stage door of the bank, so an electrician had to ask the assistant director to ask the guy to move. Why couldn't he do it? "Violation of union regulations, y'know."

You can look for *Pretty Boy Floyd* to appear on outdoor theatre marquees next to the "Save Free TV" signs which are trying to rally public opinion against Pay TV. One assistant director told me, "They got a rush on it. They want it to hit the drive-in market." Which gives you an idea of the caliber of the epic being shot in Anna, Texas. Anna deserves better.

The groupies of Anna stood around as the cast and crew ("Crew first, crew first" the assistant director yelled) lined up for lunch. Three of the crew decided to drive to some local cafe instead, and I joined them. They were all from Dallas, which they insisted will rapidly be-

come a film center in its own right. We ended up in Hendrick's Cafe next to Price's Hardware in nearby Melissa (17 miles west of Celina). One of the crew was a former speechwriter for Congressman Joe "Cess" Pool. Another had acted in some nudies (Dallas turned out five last year, including *Party Girl* and *Ear, Drink and Make Mary*), and joked that his tongue was insured for \$10,000.

A fine rural family came in, and the father gave a dime to his daughter, instructing her to "play that nigger song." Daughter immediately went to the juke box, and pushing buttons A-7, started something called "Lookin' for a Handout," sung by Johnny Rebel.

The words are as follows:

Have you ever been jus' drivin' around,  
And ended up in the colored part of town,  
And you see an old-time one room shack,  
With a great big TV antenna.  
Then you look in the back,  
You can always see a Cadillac,  
And inside there's about fifteen niggers,  
Eatin' one can of beans for dinner.

Now ain't that just like a nigger,  
So the story goes (chuckle)  
They jus' like to live that-a-way,  
y'know

Why they haven't got one speck of ambition in their minds.  
They're hard-headed as a dad-blamed mule.  
And the only reason they go to school,  
Is so they can learn to write their name,  
When they become members of a welfare line.

CHORUS:

They're lookin' for a handout,  
Yeah, something free.  
Lookin' for a handout,  
From you and me.  
And with the consent,  
Of the President,  
They're gonna get their way.

Now I ain't aimin' to run anybody down,  
But I know how they operate down in coontown.  
They wouldn't hit a (garbled) snake,  
If it was curled up to strike.  
But when their leader says,  
"Hey, nigger, demonstrate!" (in deep Amos & Andy accent)  
Why them ngabons don't even hesitate (chuckle)  
Cause as the nigger says,  
That's the kind of (garbled) we like.

repeat CHORUS:

But one day there's gonna be a stop to all this givin',  
And darkies, you're gonna have to account for your livin' (chuckle).  
You won't be able to hold your black hand out,  
And wait for someone to give you your daily bread.  
Cause the master says you got to earn your salvation.  
So you better start lookin' over the situation,  
And stop causin' all this trouble,  
And be a good ole nigger instead.

final CHORUS.

And quit lookin' for a handout,  
Yeah, something free.  
Quit lookin' for a handout,  
From Uncle Sam and me.  
Don't try to integrate,  
Be glad to segregate,  
It's better that way.  
Much better that way.  
It's better that waaaaaay

The B side, appropriately entitled "K K K," espouses a similar philosophy.

The cafe owner, a grandmotherly type, explained that her sister acquired the record two years ago, and it was put on the juke box then. "It's the most popular record on there," explained Mrs. Louise Hendricks, whose cafe served its first cup of lukewarm coffee in 1964. "I've been offered five dollars and up for it." She said once someone came by to tape it. Could I do likewise? Yes, permission was granted to turn a suburban Anna cafe into a sound recording studio.

Back in Anna, I approached the first teenaged girl I saw, and asked her if she knew anyone who could loan me a tape recorder. Melzi Gocher was her name, and she had one in the trunk of her car, and would be happy to loan it to me as long as I returned it that day. (Can you imagine walking up to a strange girl in any city, asking to borrow a tape recorder, and having a completely unknown person trust you with it for six hours? Faith in rural America is revived.) Although she looked a mature 16, it turns out she was married and entering her senior year in Anna High. She and the friend with her (also married, in high school) were equally thrilled about Fabian being in town, along with a full movie crew.

Recording the song was easy. At no time did I comment on the contents of the song. Neither did Mrs. Hendricks nor the other two employees, except to keep repeating that it was indeed the most popular song on the juke box. ("I don't know what we'd do without it," laughed one waitress.)

Anna folk were still gaping over the cast and crew. One car with conservative looking women drove up, rolled down the window, and motioned secretively for me to come over. It was like I was about to be offered a deal on some dope, a tip on the races or a copy of *Screw*. Whispering, the driver asked me, which one is Fabian? Fabian was pointed out to them, and the other quickly said, "I knew it. I knew that had to be him. I told you so." Then realizing she was getting all excited over that in front of a stranger, she added, "Oh I bet all the high school girls are so happy."

About three in the afternoon cast and crew packed up and left Anna, the Bank Robbery having been filmed. Anna's groupies had taken about a million rolls of film, and a fair number of Polaroid instant shots. No natives got in the film after all (this in itself had been a topic of discussion for days previous to *The Day*), and *Pretty Boy Floyd* left town unharmed.

Like the man said, the flick is geared for the drive-ins. It might make *Pretty Boy Floyd* as unreal as Bonnie and Clyde, depending on what the comparative kill-ratio is, and how gory it is. If you're forced into seeing it, check out Anna.



DICK

# The Camden, N.J. Courier-Post reviews Dick Gregory's album.

**WARNING:** Don't read this! What follows may be hazardous to your mental health, may make you squirm in your easy chair. What follows is unvarnished truth, and few remain the same when their flaws are exposed, their illusions shattered.

For \$6.98 you can buy a piece of history, a slice of honesty unmatched in recording history. **DICK GREGORY: THE LIGHT SIDE: THE DARK SIDE** — a two disc Poppy package — is shocking in its bold approach to communication and current problems, its touching sense of humanity, its vitriol and its vigor. It's a milestone in Establishment product, considering the label is distributed by one of the manufacturing giants, **RCA**.

Kevin Eggers, president of Poppy and producer of the LP, calls the set "the state-of-the-union message from one of the most respected and articulate leaders of the Movement." He may not be wrong.

**GREGORY**, 37-year old comedian-social critic, tells it like it should be, and he minces no words in doing so. With venom he attacks the vicious "white racist institution" that is America, tossing in example after example of inequity.

Talking to a Southampton (N.Y.) College audience in March, the black man talks about the problems caused by "us old fools," a term he uses to include all those on the wrong, reactionary side of the generation gap. He's witty, causing ripples of laughter every now and then, he's bitter, causing deafening silences more often, he's dramatic, causing thunderous applause.

He's an advocate of non-violence who carefully diagrams the reasons ghetto blacks are growing increasingly militant. "You white folks sick enough to believe you can still draft niggers into your Army and send 'em down to Ft. Benning, Georgia, and teach 'em to be guerrillas and send 'em to Vietnam killin' foreigners to liberate foreigners and think they not gonna come back to America and kill you to liberate their mommy?" he asks rhetorically.

**GREGORY**, who sometimes oversimplifies a situation, other times overstates his case, and now and then uses weak analogies, occasionally becomes so zealous in his truth-telling he stumbles over his words, his mind obviously racing faster than his tongue can compete.

"I could go to Vietnam tonight and get killed by a Viet Cong," he gushes. "This country would give my black wife \$10,000 and she couldn't take that \$10,000 and buy her a house in any area she wanted to buy one in. Hell, I got killed shootin' at the wrong folks."

Despite an apparent call for direct, explosive action, Gregory mainly wants to shock his listeners into thought. We must, he indicates, create an atmosphere where blacks will trust whites.

**AND BY NO** means does he limit his pleas to the black plight. Frequently he interjects a note of urgency about the Indian cause, citing their imprisonment on reservations, their lack of human rights.

Too, he mentions discrimination against Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and Jews. And, he says, "there's a poor, hungry hillbilly white boy in this country that nobody gives a damn about. I hope you will make him your concern too. You're

busy passing out food stamps in South Carolina to black folks, there's some white folks in Appalachia that need some food stamps too. I hope you get concerned with **ALL** people."

The banner he raises is one of "no more civil rights legislation . . . We want our rights under the same piece of paper you got yours under, the United States Constitution."

**THE MAIN** thrust of his statement is a warning to the crackers, "the honks," all the "whiteys" and "old fools" of our country, that change is a necessity.

Gregory cites the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy and Dr. King. But, he charges, "nobody in America got upset when they assassinated (George) Lincoln Rockwell and Malcolm X. See, America is not a nation that gives a damn about assassinations until you kill somebody we like, and 98 per cent of everybody in America that got upset over Martin Luther King's assassination, they would not be upset in the morning if George Wallace were assassinated . . . You got to make this a nation that gives a damn about assassination no matter who it is . . ."

Blacks are not exempt from his criticism. He talks of black anti-Semitism and says he is glad it is in the open. "If I have a cancer, I want to know about it so I can kill it," he declares about the reverse bias.

**THE GENERATION** gap, he insists, is really a moral gap. "The Establishment keeps lyin' to you 24 hours a day. This is the most morally polluted, degenerate, insane nation on the face of the earth." America, he charges, citing the racist and Vietnam problems, is the only country that lies about what she is.

"The Establishment," Gregory says, "was uptight in Chicago not because 15,000 hippies and Yuppies showed up but because they were there 'to change the system.' When each spring the hordes descend on Ft. Lauderdale and tear up the town, he points out, no one brings in tanks, and many explain it away by saying that "boys will be boys." But they do not go to that Florida town to change the system, he notes.

"You youngsters tell us in America that morality will no longer mean a Brooks Brothers suit and a clean-shaven face and a haircut once a week. You must be out of your mind. You tellin' us that morality will no longer mean gettin' the latest fashions from Paris and bathin' in Chanel No. 5 and having all the abortions you want and you still Mrs. Sa and So. You youngsters tell us that we'll never be able to buy our morals in the country no more."

**THE RECORDING**, marred slightly by sporadic lowering of voice level when Gregory moves away from the mike, also deals with the differences, between black and white history. "Baby," says Gregory, "your history tells me from the time you landed at the Plymouth Rock you shot and murdered your way all the way across to California . . . You think George Washington made his history book because he was a good preacher and he learned how to sing 'We Shall Overcome' and he went around

preaching nonviolence? He made your history book because he kicked the hell out of the British, he killed every one of them he got his hands on."

You tell me in that history book that you came to these shores and discovered a country that was already occupied . . . How do you discover somethin' that's not on your own by somebody but is being used at the time you discover it? That's like me and my old lady walkin' out of here tonight and you and your old lady sittin' in your brand new automobile and my lady says, "Gee, honey, that sure is a beautiful automobile. I sure wish it was mine, and me saying, 'Well, I'll see, let's discover it.'"

And continuing the thought pattern, "Then you run around and tell me to have respect for the police . . . You didn't have no respect for the police . . . In the early days, when the British was the police, a white boy by the name of Paul Revere rode through the white community and said, 'Get a gun, white folks, the police is comin'.' Yeah, you can understand the White Panthers, can't you? But the Black Panthers make you forget about your history."

**TURNING** to the urban ghetto riots, Gregory asks why whites forget the looting of the Boston Tea Party. "What are you mad at," he asks, "that we got enough sense to take it home?"

Explaining that he does not advocate the destruction of the capitalist system, he urges putting capitalists "behind the United States Constitution and not in front of it." And he suggests an emphasis on human rights instead of property rights. "We're so busy learning to make a living, he charges, we've forgotten how to live."

On open housing he says: "The same German that could have killed my daddy during World War II in 1942 and made me go 27 years without a daddy, that same German tonight can come to my daddy's country and live in a neighborhood my daddy's boy can't live in . . . Before we ever sit by and let you treat your enemy better than you treat your citizens, we'll burn your damn country down to the ground."

"**WE'RE** tired of your insults," says the comic-turned-radical. And, in the most poignant, meaningful segment of the live recordings, he asks that his young listeners copy the Declaration of Independence and carry it with them always.

Then, he directs, "during riot season," when parents are watching the disorders from the comfort of their living rooms, turn off the television sound so they can't hear nuthin'. "Just look at them black folks loot and burn the town down." "Then," he continues, go to the back of the room and "read your Declaration of Independence as loud as you can read it and maybe for the first time them fools will understand what they're lookin' at."

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that All men are created equal and endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights," Gregory shouts passionately, "that when these rights are destroyed over long periods of time, it is your **DUTY** to destroy or abolish that government . . ."

Sherwood L. Weingarten  
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# GREGORY: THE LIGHT SIDE: THE DARK SIDE



POPPY



## CINEMA

## Easy Rider



BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

"When I did *Tammy and the Schmuckface*, I got a lot of fan mail. Thousands of letters a week, asking me for my autograph and my picture. When I did the *Wild Angels*, I didn't get much fan mail. When I did *The Trip*, and now that I've done *Easy Rider*, I get letters from people saying, 'What do I do?' 'How do I talk to my father?' 'How do I stop trying to kill myself? How do I learn something, how can I live?' Nobody's asking me for my picture and my autograph anymore. So the movie I'm making means nothing. The life I'm making obviously means something to these people."

In his 29 years, Peter Fonda has acted in a lot of bad movies, been busted for grass, been blasted by the press for being plastic and by his relatives for being outrageous. All that's over now, since *Easy Rider*. He recalls stopping his car during the cross-country filming and looking back at all the trucks and cars and camera equipment and people get-

**"Dylan looked at it, and all he could hear was his bad voice and his lousy harmonica. His bad voice!**

**Oh, my God! . . . his lousy harmonica!"**

ting out and waving traffic on, and thinking, "Far out! That's all my company. That's all there because I wanted to ride a motorcycle and I needed money to build it."

"It's the wrong way to go about it. . . . I was taking pleasure in it rather than enjoying it. When I was just doing it, I had a better time. But there were moments when I did stop and look back and reflect. I'd say, 'Jesus. That's my company! But I'm supposed to be a failure!'"

Fonda had not only been telling himself that, it was what he'd been told. "Weren't you ever told that? Or did you kill your parents when you were young?" "You're not what we wanted," Fonda remembers, was the message passed down the dining room table. "That goes for me, and everybody I know, and everybody I don't know and their parents and their police, and their government and their church. . . ."

In the old days, before he discovered cannabis, Fonda carried a loaded gun. And he was a crack shot. "Then I met this chick in New York, and she saw a





strung out, paranoid Pisces. And she said, 'Here. Smoke a little of this instead.' And I did. And I got ripped. And I stopped wearing a gun. And I stopped drinking, and I got less and less violent."

Yet he does not consider himself a pacifist. "I know one thing, though. If I pull a carrot out of the ground, I'm going to eat it. I won't throw it back on the ground and let it rot. If I cut a tree down, I'm going to put it to use. Those are both living, breathing organisms. And if I pull a gun, I'm going to put it to use."

That, says Fonda, is a big change for somebody who was programmed to be a Boy Scout. "That's what my old man wanted me to be. He was an Eagle Scout. Eagle scouts became chiefs of staff, or big generals. Somebody who goes that far into order and system is almost a fascist. And my father's a liberal."

One of the biggest influences on Fonda has been the Indian philosopher, Krishnamurti, who insists that people ask themselves—and not him—the questions. Fonda met Krishnamurti accidentally on the beach one day, and to him it was like meeting Jesus. He talked to him for hours, about many things. One of them was smoking grass.

"He looked at me and said, 'I don't smoke grass.' And I said, 'That's true. But you have your monogram on your shirt, and you comb your hair in a way that pleases you. And you probably drink coffee, or tea.' He said, 'I drink tea.' I said, 'I smoke grass.'"

Fonda and his co-star Dennis Hopper actually turn on in the film, but that, he said, isn't a measure of the film's truth and honesty. "It's just a publicity gig, to talk about it. We just turned on because that's the way we wanted to do it. It was also fun."

Fonda considers *Easy Rider* "cinema verité in allegory terms."

The film is really a lecture-demonstration on the conclusions Peter Fonda has come to regarding the United States of America in 1969. It has been very successful in the box office, and almost as fortunate with the critics. Most of them praise the film's integrity and its portrayal of American hypocrisy and discrimination, but many complained about Fonda and Hopper. "We couldn't identify with them," they said.

Perhaps their protests are directed towards a certain feeling of betrayal, "If these guys represent the younger generation, why won't they let us understand them?"

The basic assumption is that the characters played by Fonda and Hopper are Fonda and Hopper, or at least speak for them. The irony of it all is that the lesson as prescribed by Fonda is understood exactly the way he intended it to be understood. Critics come away saying, "Those guys aren't free! they aren't even very happy." Fonda says they weren't supposed to be:

"I play a character called Captain America. I'm Peter Fonda, I'm not Captain America, so I'm playing somebody else. I am representing everybody who feels that freedom can be bought, who feels that you can find freedom through other things, like riding motorcycles through the air or smoking grass. In this country, we've all been programmed to retire. We get our thing together, no matter who goes down."

"My movie is about the lack of freedom, not about freedom. My heroes are not right, they're wrong. The only thing I can end up doing is killing my character. I end up committing suicide; that's what I'm saying that America is doing. People do go in and they think, 'Look at those terrible rednecks, they killed those two free souls, who needed to love, blah, blah, blah.' That's something we have to put up with."

"We don't give out any information through dialogue. We have a very loose plot, nothing you can follow. You can't predict what's going to happen, and that puts everybody off. People want it predicted for them, they want violence to happen when they expect it to happen, so they can deal with it, they want sex to be a certain way and drugs to be a certain way. And it ain't. Neither is freedom. 'Easy Rider' is a Southern term for a whore's old man, not a pimp, but the dude who lives with a chick. Because he's got the easy ride. Well, that's what's happened to America, man. Liberty's become a whore, and we're all taking an easy ride."

*Easy Rider* was produced by Fonda, directed by Dennis Hopper. They wrote the script, and Terry Southern came up with the title. Fonda says that the film is exactly the way they wanted it, with one exception. They had wanted to use "It's All Right, Ma," for the ending. Dylan saw the film, as did the other artists whose music Fonda and Hopper wanted to use. The idea was to have the music which accompanies the cross-country cycling scenes reflect current times. All the groups approved the film, and okayed the use of their music. The Band walked out after the performance without saying anything, then called

Fonda at 3 A.M. to say that their song ("The Weight") was the only good one in the film, and could they write all the music? They were persuaded there wasn't enough time.

"If there are mistakes in the film, they're my mistakes and Dennis' mistakes. Nobody foisted anything on us—it's exactly the way we wanted it, with the exception of Mr. Zimmerman."

"I give no hope to the audience at the end of the film, and Mr. Zimmerman says, 'That's wrong, you've got to give them hope!'"

"I said, OK, Bob, what do you have in mind?"

"He said, 'Well, re shoot the ending, and have Fonda run his bike into the truck and blow up the truck.'"

"I said, 'No, give me your song, Bob.'"

"He said, 'How about you don't use the song and we make another movie.'"

"I said, 'No, no, how about we don't make another movie and we use the song.'"

"He said, 'The song's pretentious.'"

"I said, 'He not busy being born is busy dying.'"

"He said, 'Never mind that, man, have you heard my new album? It's a whole new number. We've got to give them love.'"

"I said, 'I understand that. You have to love them, but you cannot give them love.'"

"I kept thinking, Dylan sounds right. A lot of people are saying, 'Fonda, Dylan's right. You can't give them hopeless negative vibes.' I thought, you can't give them love either. Krishnamurti pointed that out. You can't give them a thing. They've got to take it, otherwise there's nothing happening. Freedom can't be second hand information."

"Dylan's one of my biggies. I'm, my only hero, but he's one of my biggies. Him and John Lennon. I can't understand how he can say how he made 'It's All Right, Ma' to fill out the side of an album."

"So he feels embarrassed about protesting. The truth of the matter is 'He's not busy being born is busy dying.' That's the truth of the matter. And 'A question in your nerves is lit, and yet there is no answer fit to satisfy/insure you not to quit to keep it in your mind and not forget/that it is not he or she or them or it that you belong to.'"

"That was the end of our movie. He made us take that off and end the movie. He looked at it, and all he could hear was his bad voice and his lousy harmonica. His bad voice! . . . Oh, my god! . . . His lousy harmonica! I don't

understand that. Come on, get it straight, Mr. Zimmerman!"

"My name's Fonda, and it's been Fonda for years. And I won't renounce *Tammy and the Doctor*. I cult it *Tammy and the Schmuckface*, because it's a bull-shit movie, but it plays on the tube, and I don't try to buy the negative back and not have anybody see it."

"You can't forget the past, you can't effectively do a frontal lobotomy."

Fonda was questioned closely about other decisions made in the film when he was in San Francisco. The questions were those which might be asked of a friend who made a movie: "Why did you shoot the commune sequence that way? 'What kind of treatment did you get from the people you ran into?'"

Answers: He thinks the commune sequence is the weakest in the movie, the line he wishes weren't there is "They're gonna make it," in the commune sequence, and they got a mixture of contempt for having long hair and interested admiration for making a movie.

Whatever the reporters may have felt about Fonda and *Easy Rider* before talking with him, they left, without exception, liking him and thinking he was real.

For one thing, he looks like them. He wore blue jeans and a blue tee shirt and a suede jacket, which he designed himself and had made. (He wore the same outfit on the Joey Bishop show). He wears a watch which tells all; even, with the aid of a sextant, where on earth he is. He carries about plans for a sailboat he wants to build. He has a real beard, says it's because he doesn't like to shave, not because he wants to prove something.

He also had with him a horoscope, which a friend had done in exchange for a poem. His sun is in Pisces in the tenth house, close to mid-heaven (A sign of success). His ascendant is Gemini. His moon is in Virgo, and it is in opposition to his Sun. Mercury in Pisces is also in opposition to Neptune in Virgo. Astrologically speaking, the opposition may be one explanation for his life and hard times.

After a mixed-up and geographically confusing childhood, Fonda was sent to an exclusive Eastern prep school. When he left in disgrace, his father sent him to live with his aunt and uncle in Omaha.

The Fonda family is socially prominent in Omaha—Henry Fonda didn't have to leave home to become a struggling young actor—he could have stayed in Omaha and become a middle western tycoon. Peter was instructed to stay in



Omaha and finish college at the University of Omaha—no degree, no bread.

When Fonda walked into the studios of KMPX-FM in San Francisco last month, the program director, Tom Swift, greeted him lovingly, like an old friend.

"Man, you changed my life!"

Swift was a sophomore at the University of Omaha when an interview with Fonda appeared in the school newspaper. He recalls that Fonda expressed many of the things he had been thinking, and arranged to get to know him.

The two of them spent endless evenings drinking, knowing something was wrong but not knowing what it was, and trying to figure out how to get out of Omaha. One night they put on eye patches, trench coats and berets in French Underground fashion and planted a fake bomb in the Omaha Greyhound bus station. They tipped off the police and watched. The caper was a sensation in the Omaha press.

Swift grew up in Omaha, and was perhaps as aware as one could be, without having gone anywhere else. But Fonda had been everywhere, and he exposed Swift to new influences, new ideas. "I had never met any artists or writers, and I mentioned that once," Swift recalls. "He said, 'That's not true. You're an artist, and you're a writer.'"

"He got me to see myself as a whole bundle of possibilities."

During his early years at the University of Omaha, Fonda wanted to be a writer, and only later decided to become an actor. He tried out for plays put on at school—one of the first was "Picnic," in which he played the rich kid and Tom Swift played the kid from the other side of the tracks. He graduated in three years and set out for Broadway, and afterwards Hollywood. Swift says Fonda hasn't changed much since the Omaha days. "The only change is that he's done some of the things he said he'd do."

It was not easy to get the money to make *Easy Rider*. Fonda says he ultimately succeeded because he asked the right question at the right time. "I didn't ask for too much bread, and the way I laid it out, it embarrassed people into making the picture."

Fonda took no money for producing it or writing it; the money he had to be paid as a union actor he turned back to the company after deducting taxes. Dennis Hopper, broke at the time, was paid a minimal \$150 a week. Now, it won't be long—*Easy Rider* is going to be fantastically financially successful.

And that, says Fonda, is the one real Hollywood requirement. "They reject me, until it makes money at the box office, then I'm their darling. But they still hold me in contempt on the one hand and in awe on the other. In contempt, because I've shown them a mirror of their own greed, and in awe, because I was able to do something they can't do, which was simply to make a motion picture honestly."

The options now open to those concerned in the success of *Easy Rider* are now almost limitless. Jack Nicholson, who is everybody's favorite in the movie, put it this way: "It's hard to make a movie. It really is hard to make a movie. So people who can actually do something are in tremendous demand."

After a success, Nicholson says, "Your problem is to keep from going insane over all the alternatives you have."

Nicholson, Hopper and Fonda are dealing with the problem of success in a somewhat less than traditional Hollywood fashion. Nicholson, who wrote *The Trip and Hound*, is going to direct a movie. He made that decision before the release of *Easy Rider*. "I had the ability to look at the part and say, 'Oh, people are gonna like that. I'm gonna get hot.' I've always known the movie was gonna be a big success. . . I'd better set a couple of things, because though I've never been successful in the popular kind of way, I've seen it. And I know that I'm not the most constant person in the world. . . I like to change my mind a lot. So I wanted to set a couple of things before I got swept away."

Hopper has gone back to working on the first script he ever wrote; an interwoven western, called "The Last Movie." And Fonda is still trying to do something he's wanted to do for some time—a film on the American Revolution. "People always say, the American Revolution, which one? I say, 'You mean you've separated yourself from the one that went down 200 years ago? You think it stopped? And we've gotten into something new? Well, it ain't new, and we haven't finished it, we haven't implemented the Bill of Rights.'"



He wants to take the film from the lowest point, Valley Forge. And this time, he says, "*Paths of Glory* is going to make money."

He has not as yet been successful in financing the film. But he is confident he will be. He says he keeps going back, always wanting the same thing, only now, "Each time I hit them I've made more money in the box office with *Easy Rider*."

"So now they're calling me and saying, 'Well, what do you want to do now?'"

"I say, 'Conceived in Liberty.'"

"Well, yeah, we've talked about that. Maybe if you get a package together."

"I say, 'No, No, No. That's not right. That's not what you have to say. What you have to say is, GREAT! How much do you want? And then you have to say, GREAT! Of course you want to direct it, too don't you? GREAT! Are you going to star in it? We'd like you to, if you will.'"

Even though nobody has had that conversation with him yet, Fonda says it will happen. "They'll give it to me, because they think that it's hip to give it to me, and that they'll make money with me, because I'm 'the hottest young actor in the business.' It's not true. . . I just happen. . . I grew up inside that industry, so I know what makes it tick."

Fonda and his wife and two children live in Beverley Hills. Their next door neighbor is Alfonso Bell, a black conservative Republican congressman. Bell drives a Continental; Fonda drives a Volkswagen. "But I used to have Continentals. One time I had seven cars in my driveway. I couldn't decide which to drive in the morning. . . it's all gone. I don't have anything to say about that anymore, to anybody. I came back on 250 gammas and saw these seven cars sitting in my driveway, and they were rusting, and they were just machinery, grinding to a halt, right in front of my eyes."

He loves his VW. "It's purely anony-

mous, I don't get busted, it started every time I start it and stops every time I stop it. (He did rent a Continental during the filming of *Easy Rider*, when he got tired of asking people for keys to dressing rooms. "I figured out what you do with a Continental—live in it!")

He doesn't take acid anymore, but feels he learned a lot from it. "Acid," Fonda says, "is to mental disorder what penicillin is to bacterial disorder." He had some bad trips, but says that "I was hip that the reason I was having bad acid trips was that I had a lot of hang-ups."

His wife's name is Susan, but he calls her "my old lady" or, more often, "my lady."

"She's gone through a lot of changes with me, and it certainly is difficult for her. I am a difficult person. . . I'm an evangelist. I move out when I work. I remove myself totally from everything. It must be freaky to be in love with somebody. . . she's in love with me. . . and see him just split, while he's sitting in the chair. But she understands it, and she copes with it. She knows that I love her. She knows it's not just a word. And she knows that I love my children."

"I have two children. . . I have two hostages to fortune. When I first heard that phrase from Jack Kennedy, I thought 'What does he mean, 'He who has children gives hostages to fortune?' What's he trying to do, be Chairman Mao? Well, then I had two kids. Hostages to fortune. I put away the gun."

Bridget, 5, is an Aquarius, and Justin, 3 is a Cancer. Fonda says that when his mind is "clear and quiet," Bridget can read his mind. He tells about times when she has known where he was taking her, before he told her. . . and when she knew he was supposed to do something, when he hadn't mentioned it. (Judging from a picture of her that he carries with him, she is capable of that and more.) He says getting married was "something we did for Them."

"We don't relate to it at all. There's

danger lurking in that type of action. . . it's a false goal. . . it's false security. Marriage is bullshit. If you can't handle relationships without guidelines, if you need a book, if you need a code, if you need a vow, you ain't married, you don't even like your old man."

He feels that pleasing other people is not a sufficient rationale for action. "If it pleases you. . . well, you see, I've used that word. I've said to my old lady, 'Did you come? And she said, 'Does it matter?' 'It makes me feel good if you've come.' Then I think about it, does it matter? Then I said, 'Well, it excites me if you have.' Well, that's my hang-up, isn't it? Because all I can relate to is the love I have."

"Instead of making it and loving her and grooving, I said, 'Did you come?' And then I'll cop out and rationalize and say, 'Because it makes me feel good if you have, baby.'"

Fonda believes that the moment a decision is made as to pain or pleasure, real enjoyment stops. "Suppose we're going swimming. The water's 78 degrees, great surf, perfect for body surfing, the air is about 85, and a light warm breeze, and we're on the beach, rolling around. We run in the water, and we're splashing around, and surfing in and swimming out, and I turn to you, and I say, 'God, isn't it a beautiful day?' It comes to a crashing halt. From that moment on the entire relationship is based on something from the past. It's a comparative day, it's a comparative reality, and it's not there."

Distortions enter relationships when decisions are made, Fonda believes. "Up to a point, nothing's happened that's insult or flattery. Somebody come up to you and says, 'asdfghjkl.' And you heard, 'You're beautiful.' And you think, 'Fair out, what a great dude he is.' Or you hear, 'asdfghjkl,' and you hear, 'You're a fool.' And you say, 'What an asshole he is, he doesn't even know me.' It's the same thing, insult or flattery, pain or pleasure. It's all interpretation of the mind based on one thing: fear."

Fonda believes, along with Krishnamurti, that abstract thought implies a kind of distortion. "I'm not separating myself from life anymore, from any part of it. I am the action, and it's not a question of wanting or not wanting. There's no hope or despair, there's no choice, even."

People have asked him if the presidential election wasn't a case where he had to make a choice. "I said, 'There's never a choice, man, there's never a choice.' I would have voted for Bobby Kennedy. There was no choice."

"Nixon and Humphrey? No choice at all. I voted for Cleaver."

He thinks heroin, and in fact anything, is better than speed. He says he's tried to talk out of shooting speed, but it doesn't work. . . they don't believe him, either. "They're exposed to a lie, and they assume that all things therefore have been lied about, and all things will be lied about. And there's no way you can convince them. You'd think that I would be one of the few people who could come up and say, 'Hey man, don't do speed.' And the cat would say, 'He said it. King Drug said it.'"

"But it doesn't work. Not when their mothers are taking amphetamines, and everybody's taking bennies to do an exam of course it can't work."

He believes you can't tell people things. They have to be shown. "If I were to stand up like I'm talking to you now in the motion picture, and say, 'I'm dealing in fear, ladies and gentlemen, and fear is what's screwing you up, fear's fucking you right out of your seats,' they're gonna turn it off and put their fingers in their ears. They're gonna turn away and say, 'I didn't hear that, what is he to tell me that?'"

By keeping his mouth shut, he believes he can involve the audience on a much stronger level. And on that level, it is impossible to deny that *Easy Rider* is a success. Whatever people think of the movie, or of Fonda as an actor, they all walk out of the theater talking and arguing about where America is at, and where youth is at. And without even knowing that anybody wanted them to think about these things.

Fonda is sensitive to criticism; he knows that much of it is based on a misunderstanding of the goals of the movie, but the misunderstanding still hurts. "Those are my balls up there, on the screen."

But he says he refuses to give a performance. "The only performance I'm going to give is my life."





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## VISUALS

## Venus Rising



BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

Artists usually turn out to be closely mirrored by their own works, or else they are almost total opposites. With Eve Babitz, the relationship is about half-and-half, plus a number of unanswerable question marks.

Like her collages and album covers—probably best known are two for the Buffalo Springfield and a recent Black Pearl release—Eve radiates a distinct femininity ("Men usually make collages in black and white; I almost always use color.") There is an easy self-assurance and a keen sense of style. And she is steeped in the classical, literary background that gives her work its allusive, Proustian overtones.

Unlike her art, Eve is not notably flowery, diaphanous or charged with ambiguities. The question marks are not so much a matter of languid mystery as a robust, mercurial multi-facetedness. On this particular day, the image was one of somewhat severely-styled simplicity and well-scrubbed looks, detracted from only slightly by granny glasses and a forthright décolleté. But you get the feeling that any subtle change in hair-styling or dress would dramatically transform all that. It is no great surprise when Eve displays a photo of herself in the buff sitting over a chess game with Marcel Duchamp, or presenting a Garboesque profile above a plush, off-the-shoulder fur, or modeling a svelte jacket that supposedly once belong to Marlene Dietrich. At one time or another, she has been "Slim Goddess" for a parodistic Playmate-style picture lay-out in the East Village Other, and has testified before a Senate Committee investigating drugs. "I alternate between Georgia O'Keeffe and Collette," Eve says.

Like so many people in Los Angeles, Eve seems to share a general phobia toward self-revelation, at least in any ordinary, journalistic sense. You can look at her collages hung all over the walls of the modest, brown-stucco bungalow apartment just off Sunset boulevard, punctuation marks in a crowded assortment of Victorian pictures and knick-knacks that display a propensity for toppling to the floor, the room darkened by thin Madras covers that successfully curtain off much of the outside world. You can see the backroom she uses as a studio, the floor covered with magazine cut-outs and a big rack filled with back issues of National Geographic, Life, Look, Adam.

But she doesn't want very much to be written about her—"I don't know who I am; I might find out"—and conversation takes refuge in typical Sunset Strip small-talk: What records and books would you take with you to a desert island, what records and books would most other people take with them, and all those familiar First Names whose last names should never need mentioning?

Eve was more or less born into the underground art scene. Her father is Saul Babitz, a former concert violinist who played with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, now a Baroque musicologist. Her godfather is Igor Stravinsky ("My father was the only one here who was able to perform his violin pieces; they became close friends, and my father helped him on some of the violin scores").

Her mother, an artist of local reputation, used to throw Sunday afternoon soirees which attracted such guests as Kenneth Rexroth and Kenneth Patchen. "I grew up with artists all around me," Eve says. "It always seemed like the natural thing to do."

Eve's original ambition was to be a writer. After graduating from Hollywood High, she spent 11 months travelling in Europe, returned to L.A. City College (majoring in Italian and Anthropology), and then spent six months in Rome ("Seeing 'La Dolce Vita' made me want to go.") She wrote an autobiographical book about her travels, "Travel Broadens," which she sent not to a publisher but to Joseph Heller—"He liked it, that was enough for me." But then she gave up on writing. "All I could write was gossip," she says.

After a brief stint as a secretary and editorial assistant for the Galton Institute, an L.A.-based outfit engaged in sensory research, Eve became one of the original staffers on the L.A. Free Press. She moved to New York and the East Village Other when she was offered a

\$5 a week increase, to \$40. Under the impetus of Walter Hopps, then director of the Pasadena Art Museum, Eve was turned on to the kind of thing she has done since one day in New York three years ago.

"Walter had put on two or three theatrical events for my benefit which really turned my head," Eve said. "Then one day he told me there was a show I really had to see in one of the downtown galleries. A friend and I tripped down the next morning to Madison Avenue, one of these places on the fifth floor. All we saw was a fug gallery director and some abstract expressionist stuff. We figured we must be in the wrong place, but we mentioned Walter's name to the fug and he said Walter must have sent us to see the next month's show that he'd sent out from Pasadena. He took us to the back room, and there were all these things by Joseph Cornell. That's what really did it. I'd seen Wally Berman's collages before, but I really didn't like them. After looking at Cornell, I went home and made my first collage."

Eve's own variety of collage-art has developed rapidly over the past three years. Her work is a bit difficult to describe, because each collage seems to be governed by its own laws, by fidelity to the particular vision or personality that inspired it, rather than a concern with creating stylistic trademarks. There are, however, certain recurring images and allusions, most often vast expanses of sky or sea, metaphors of flight—butterflies, birds and other winged creatures—and wreaths, garlands and bouquets of flowers, not used in any prettified, flowery way, but to create a sense of spring-like newness, regeneration and metamorphosis. "I think every album cover should have Botticelli on it," Eve says. "Venus rising out of the sea-shell," and this remark offers one of the most pertinent clues to the character of her own work.

Some of Eve's collages are pure surrealism—an old chromo-lithograph of Lake Louise with cut-outs of cherubic figures floating across it. Others center around personalities—Nureyev spanning across Niagara Falls or leaping between two planets, Collette looking out from a tangle of underbrush in which two lovers lie, Mick Jagger wrapped in fur with a snake twined around him, his mouth puckered ("I love his mouth; it's so great, so sloppy").

In the personality collages, the surface images somehow seem to transcend themselves to capture the poetic essence of the subjects ("There are only 200 people in the world; all the rest are replicas," Eve says). For all their dreamy, roccoco sen-

suality, the collages have an underlying strength that is partly a product of formal simplicity, partly of the fact that they are rarely hermetic or opaque in meaning, but forthright statements with all kinds of associations.

As an album cover designer, Eve has achieved some degree of commercial success—how successful, is hard to say. She numbers her covers so far as somewhere between six and 16, mainly because she tends to discount those that she feels were sucked up before they took final shape. As she goes through various examples, you see easily what she means; drastically reduced collages making room for bold, gauche lettering or placed against colors that make the whole thing fall apart. Her favorite, she says, is Black Pearl and her best relations over-all have been with Atlantic. "They even call up to see if it's all right if they crop a quarter of an inch."

Eve has also sold a few of her originals through a small, independent dealer, but she refuses to get involved in the La Cienega gallery scene. "It has no life, no integrity," she said. "I have a lot of friends who show in the galleries. They sell their paintings." But aside from Billy Al Bengtson—"his new things are more beautiful than ever"—she feels that most of what's happening in the galleries, whatever its appeal, is not art. "I don't know what it is."

She also takes a dim view of a strictly parochial, pop culture mentality. "Can you imagine going to a desert island with nothing but pop records—no Bach, no Mozart. You can figure the list of books the same people would draw up—'Soul on Ice,' Edgar Cayce, J. R. R. Tolkien, 'The Prophet,' No Bible, or Shakespeare, or Proust because they've never read them."





# Son of Our WIN A FUG DREAM DATE

A couple of months ago we came calamitiously close to upsetting the country's hormonal balance. We began a bizarre write-in contest. Winner was to receive a dream date on the town with her favourite Fug. Which we thought was a pretty clever way to hype the Fugs' *It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest*.

But, as the stars would have it, things went wrong.

1. Seven of ten entrants were males. (Which was fine with us, but how, we wondered, would Ed, Tuli, or Ken like



ED

KEN

TULI

waltzing a fan with hairy legs around the floor of the Copacabana?)

2. The few young ladies who dared enter almost without exception ignored our pleas for urbanity. They went into

horrifying detail about their morbid appetites for the Fug bodies.

Witness the entry of this one chick from Reno, Nevada:

"I want to go out with Tuli because I want him to fug me."

All of which was not a little disappointing to us. So we've decided to try again, to revive the contest, just in time, as luck would have it, to hype the Fugs' latest and greatest,

## THE BELLE OF AVENUE A.

In an attempt to change our luck (while we stimulate your imaginations) we've changed the rules just a bit:

This time your hundred words or less have to be on the topic Why I Would Prefer A Dream Date With (Insert name of fave Fug) To One With Warren Dorn. (You may substitute the name of any decency crusader you like better. Mr. Dorn, of course, was the Los Angeles official who made the mistake of inaugurating a city-wide decency campaign the last time The Fugs blew into town.)

As before, the winner will receive an all-expenses-paid evening with his or her favourite Fug. 99 runners-up will get a free copy of Supervisor Dorn's *Selected Speeches* in paperback, when and if he selects them. All will get a dull form letter imploring them to purchase *The Belle Of Avenue A*.



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## Perspectives: Festival Paranoia

JACQUELINE NOYES

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

These are the paranoid years. Paranoia is not only fashionable, it's endemic. Nobody trusts or believes anybody any more and the resulting rot is doing more harm than speed.

In San Francisco the Wild West Festival, a non-profit, totally clean project whose books are wide open, was viciously and bitterly and irrationally attacked by so-called street people, elements of the underground so-called press and some agents provocateurs.

When Mary Gannon, one of the girls in the Ace of Cups, tried to speak at a planning meeting, a stooge went up alongside her and screamed and shouted so the audience couldn't hear her. The leaders of these events (they are actually a kind of permanent floating street theater in which the principals create a stage on which they can be center) hoot down anybody who argues with them, announce motions that may not be discussed and are not above plain flat-out lying.

It is a terrible and a dangerous thing and resembles nothing so much as the Hitler brown shirts in the early days of the Nazi party. And as Tom Donahue, the underground deejay emeritus remarked, "Who was it had hair on his face, used a lot of dope and believed in astrology? Adolf Hitler!"

The phenomenon is not new. It has been spreading all around the country this year. Julian Beck of the Living Theater, in a much-publicized confrontation with critics and audience last Spring, told Paul Goodman "this is the way it's going to be all over the U.S., you had better get used to it."

I, for one, have no intention whatsoever of ever getting used to it. It's a stone drag and a mindless reversion to violence and emotional blackmail that is not only animalistic but pure, almost neanderthal old style. John Lennon was perfectly right.

The point is we have to understand what it is all about. There is no question that the intellectual radicals have been cut loose without any place to go in this country and that their activities are so inconsequential to the established order of things that they are hysterical with frustration. After the theater in-

the-streets, a year or so of demonstrations and the rest, it's obvious that particular scene is over. The sane ones know it and are working for a future. The crazies attack the nearest thing, which is usually their friends.

Rock music in America has been the single most potent social force for change for several years now. It is loaded with ex-politicos who abandoned the old way in favor of the new and the number of Berkeley Free Speech Movement Sproul Hall sit in veterans who are now in rock bands is kind of remarkable. The change is coming and it is coming through the music and not from head smashing and screaming at one another in political encounter group therapy sessions.

Politicos don't make music. The last ones who did, for my memory, were Governor Jimmie Davis of Louisiana who wrote "You Are My Sunshine," Moon Mullican, the hill billy pianist and lieutenant governor of Tennessee who wrote some C&W song, and vice president Charles G. Dawles who wrote "It's All in the Game." Carl Oglesby is writing songs and recording them for Vanguard and he may make it. I lean to the theory that he will, since he has been absent from the political forum. But it remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, the politicians are faced with a traumatic thing: Bob Dylan has had more effect on politics than any politician. The recent SDS convention position paper, as well as the political underground press, is laced with Bob Dylan quotes. The hard core politicians actually are musical parasites attempting to steal the power of the music more cynically and corruptly than any agent or his superhuman crew ever tried to steal the money.

There is a basis, or a superficial basis, for the paranoia when it comes to festivals. The riots and the fights at the festivals are mostly the result of the attitude of the cops and the firm conviction on the part of the kids that they are being shafted by the promoter. And most of the time they are. George Wein at Newport cynically announced the cancellation of Led Zeppelin during the festival and then put the group back on when it insisted and everyone thought the rock kids had left.

The promoters of the commercial festivals have screwed the artists and the fans both, though some-

times without realizing that they were doing it. Kind of like zombie rape. But most of the screaming against the Fillmore, for instance, has been done by people who never bought a seat there in their lives and most of the trouble at the rock concerts has been caused by people who never bought a ticket there either.

The San Francisco contribution to all this specifically has been free music in the park, Country Joe McDonald's recipe for social justice. Free music in the park takes the curse off the rest of it and, on the occasions it has been used, removed the animosity of the crowds.

I had a fruitless discussion with one politico over the San Francisco Wild West Show and his point was how could you have a festival when there were people dying in Viet Nam? (How can you eat when there are people starving in India?) He asked me who I would be shooting at if I were in Viet Nam. I said I wouldn't be there but if I was taken there against my will, I wouldn't be shooting at anyone. "I'd be shooting the Americans," he said. "You have to choose where you stand."

This is the kind of irresponsible reckless bullshit that, in the absence of any intelligent action from the political leaders of the country (intelligent action from Reagan, Nixon et al?) and the inability of the politicians to readjust to the new form, will result in unimaginable repression if not in actual murders in the streets. It is absolutely inexcusable.

As Henry Miller said on that TV documentary about his life, it's silly to fight the status quo. The thing to do, obviously, is to create. The thing *not* to do is to destroy. "He not busy being born is busy dying," Dylan said (something the politicians don't quote much) and that hit right on it. The politicians quote Dylan and they pick up on the music and they revel in a possessive attitude which is denied by what they have given to the music themselves. But they forget that, sure, Dylan said all those things in "Maggie's Farm" and "Desolation Row" and the rest.

But he also said "there are no politics, and I dream a lot."

Not to mention "don't follow leaders."





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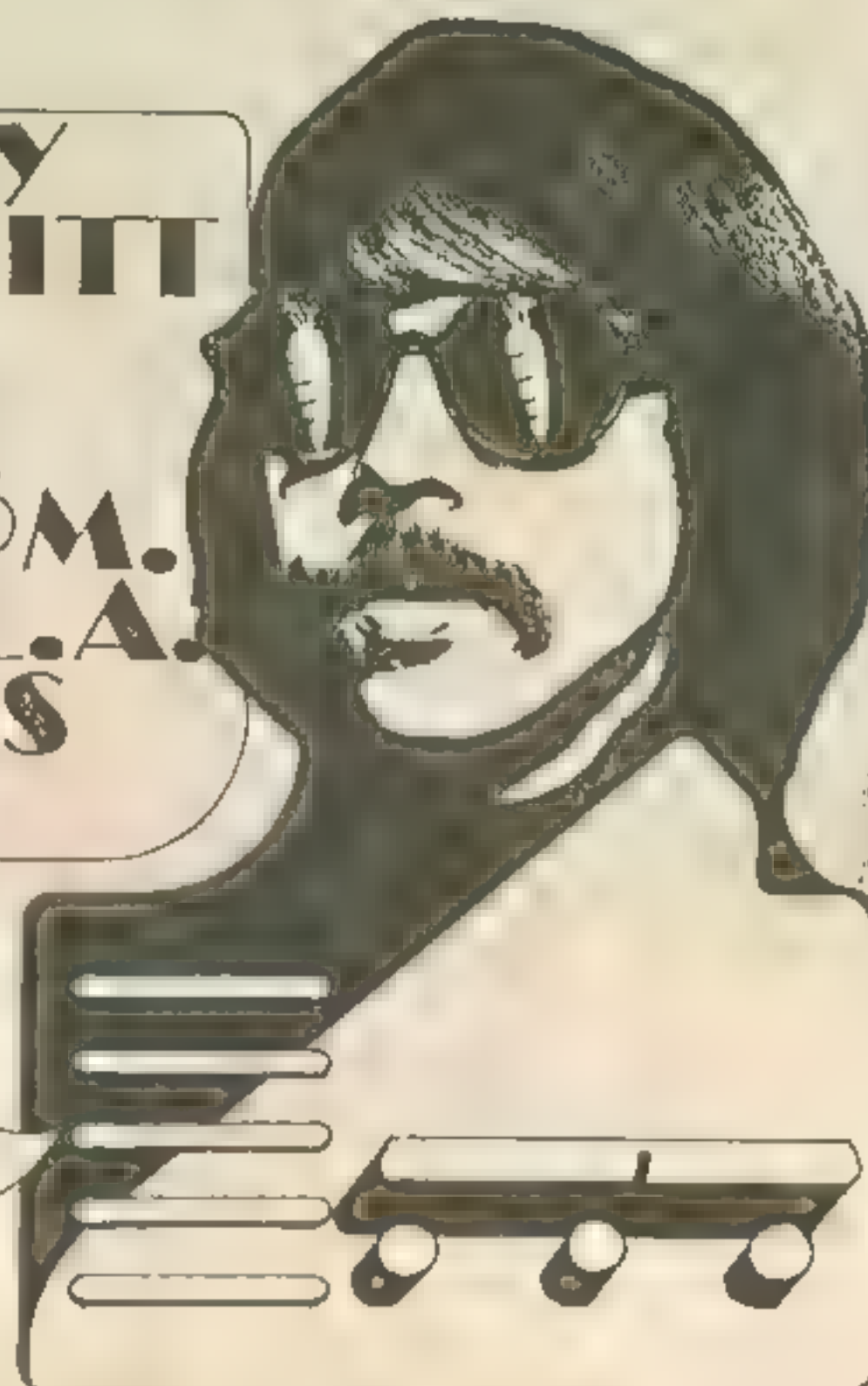
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Offices of the Vice Control Division, Chicago Police.

## Tracking Down the Dope Fiends

BY JAMES CADUR

CHICAGO—The police detective of the Chicago Police Force, Vice Control Division, tugged at his fedora hat which, for some reason, he was wearing indoors, just like they do in the movies. He sat across the desk from me—white shirt, no tie, brown pants, brown shoes. He was explaining to me how the Chicago Police Force, Vice Control Division, apprehends known marijuana sellers.

"Most of the time we use dusted bills," he said, taking out of an equipment case a bunch of dollar bills and a whitish powder. "We have one of our agents make a purchase with bills which we cover with special powder, like this," he said. "The powder is practically invisible, except under ultra-violet light."

"Now usually, as soon as the seller gets the money he tries to slash it someplace, figuring that if it's hidden in a safe place he can't be arrested. But once he's touched the bills the dust is all over his fingers, and it can't be washed off. All we have to do is shine the light on his hands"—he flipped on an ultraviolet light—"and the powder shows up right away."

A small kit containing powder, portable ultra-violet light and other detection devices is carried by arresting officers in Chicago. The kits are bought from Ultra-Violet Products, Inc., San Gabriel, Calif. Ask for case number 102.

"Sometimes, when we're going to make the purchase in the sunlight, we're afraid the dust will show up, so we have to use another system. We'll send our agent off to make a \$20 purchase, let's say, and he'll give the seller \$19 in bills. He'll say he just doesn't have another bill, but has the rest in change. He gives him four quarters, each with our mark."

He reached into the tool kit and pulled

out a quarter with a tiny, almost invisible mark stamped into it. It was a P.

"As soon as he gets the dollars, the seller will usually hide them right away. But most of the time he forgets about the small change. Then all we have to do is wait for him to buy a pack of cigarettes and we've got him."

We left his office, went down the corridor and walked past row on row of desks. Each had an electrified, computerized map of some "crime zones" in the city of Chicago. The Chicago Police Force is justly proud of this most modern of detection installations. Its computers produce a wrap-up each week not only of the dangerous drugs traffic and arrests, but of the other criminal activity in the Chicago area. Two years ago (last year's figures aren't out yet), Vice Control made a series of 4468 drugs raids. Of the arrests made, the vast majority were for marijuana violations, although there has been a considerable increase in "synthetic narcotics" and "dangerous non-narcotics."

Some 2397 people were busted for marijuana, including 14 kids between the ages of 13 and 14. The previous year's reports showed the arrest of one 10-year old boy for marijuana, but this year the youngest was a 12-year old girl.

When the police seize some marijuana in a raid, they bring it to their drug laboratory for analysis. The lab is also very serious business. Technicians are at work there all the time, examining samples, testing them, and sending if be to Washington to get verification. They showed me a newly captured specimen. It was not quite clear yet whether it was marijuana. The only way you can find out is through an elaborate chemical breakdown, they said.

The laboratories in Washington are, to be sure, still better stocked than those at local law-enforcement centers. They have to handle detection not only for Washington, D.C., but for all police departments unable to perform their own laboratory work. Most of the labs are in the Narcotics Bureau, but this one was

in the Food and Drug Administration Building. A long-time technician in the lab was showing me around. He pulled open a drawer packed with different bottles of pills and capsules.

"This," he said, "is LSD"—hundreds and hundreds of bottles. There were some of the old-timers—Owsley specials, some Swiss-made pills, barrels, and some dropper tubes. We examined them all.

One bottle he pulled out contained purplish pills with a strange insignia on them. "Do you know what that is?" he asked.

It was the symbol of the anti-war movement, inverted "Y" peace symbol. "Yes, that's right," he said.

"Why do you suppose they put it there?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I don't know."

Then he illustrated the LSD identification test. Shoving aside his crystalline polarizing microscope he took a scraping from a supposed LSD tablet and put it on a slide. Then he poured a solution onto it. "In a few minutes, if it turns purple it's LSD." In a few minutes, it turned purple and it was LSD.

He moved me over to the microscopes, and we both looked at a marijuana leaf up close. "It has hairy protrusions—see? That's one quick way of identifying it."

We both surveyed his laboratory, all his samples, row on row of pill bottles, jars filled with amphetamines and acid, samples of peyote bulbs and lots of marijuana in different vials. He shook his head again.

"This laboratory used to be under the supervision of the Food and Drug people, but now we work full time for the Department of Justice. Since kids are taking so many drugs these days, we do all our work in narcotics."

Had he ever thought of taking LSD? No. Marijuana? No. Did he like his job? Yes.

The Federal Narcotics Bureau has just moved into new offices. The reason is simple. They just had so much business in the old place they couldn't handle it without bigger facilities. Their new place

is extremely comfortable—wall-to-wall carpeting, big shiny desks, classrooms, laboratories, administrative offices. I talked to John Finkler, associate director of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. He tells me all about their operation—about the thousands and thousands of police officers every year who journey to Washington for a course lasting several weeks in detection of dangerous drugs and apprehension of drug pushers (sellers), about marijuana, LSD, peyote and heroin.

He tells me about the many foreign visitors who come to our shores to learn. He talks earnestly about the progress we've been making in recent years. I ask him whether he's ever taken LSD. No. I ask him whether he's ever smoked marijuana. No. I ask him how he feels about people doing that.

He explains to me that some of their experiments have related to human intake of drugs, but always with trained scientists under exact, technically observable situations. He explains to me that if he or I were ever to take any, just like that, we would probably go out into the streets, completely berserk. "Completely berserk," repeats William Hornaday, Congressional liaison officer, his assistant, with conviction. Since neither of us is a laboratory expert, he points out, it would be an extremely dangerous and foolhardy undertaking.

We walk by a classroom and I look in the door. There are maybe 300 people sitting around, like students, except older, many of them balding police sergeants, no doubt. Up front there is a short, energetic man in shirtsleeves. He holds a pointer in his right hand. Mounted on a wooden stand is a long white diagram of a marijuana plant that has regular leaves with tiny, hair-like protrusions. He has just finished telling some quip, the audience is still laughing, and now his face is sterner; he is telling his audience to be very careful and they're nodding their heads.



# RECORDS



Blind Faith (Atco SD 33-304)

I have this recurring nightmare—or is it a secret desire?—that one morning I'll wake up and find the whole record industry has drifted off into space, buoyed aloft by its own hot air. The zeroth-thermal drafts blowing from record companies and "youth-oriented" press these days should be harnessed for the space program. Ah, I can see it now... We've already got our "Columbia" and "Mercury" spacecraft; soon there'll be "Elektra 6" and "Atco 11" as well.

New rock groups need hype—so the thinking of these airborne companies goes—and *Supergroups* gotta have *Super-hype*. Well, Cream curdled as a result of it, and now Clapton and Baker are back on another ego trip. And my man, Steve Winwood, has been sucked into the vortex with them. (Winwood's been that route to some extent before, of course; his "Superfreak" nickname attests to it.)

From a group of good musicians jamming together in the old Traffic cottage in England, to a multi-million-dollar whirlwind tour of the U. S. of A. The wheeling-and-dealing and contractual entanglements alone would have dissuaded most record companies. But Atco persevered—and pulled it off. And here they are (or it is): Blind Faith. Could the group's name be any more cynically truthful?

We'll all pay through the nose to see them in concert. I expect. As a special "souvenir program" to help us recall that musical (and social) occasion, Atco has even released a Blind Faith record. The album is not as much as I'd hoped, yet better than I'd expected. It even draws you in, so to speak, like a religious experience—once you forget the

hype and just listen a few times through. There's not much new—Baker drums as smashingly as ever; Clapton plays several different styles, all of which sound like Eric Clapton; Winwood sings with that bluegrass tenor/R&B black/English music hall voice of his. If you're like me, Winwood's voice alone guarantees purchase of the album. And, perhaps awed by the hierarchy of talents around him, Rick Grech, from Family, lays down extra-quiet bass. The four of them play comfortably together—on record at least.

Blind Faith is a *fait accompli*, more relaxed, more musical in some ways than its predecessors. The gnawing question remains: is the group mutant doomed to quick extinction, or will Blind Faith still be turning our heads around, perhaps saving our souls, when a year's gone by?

FD LEIMBACH

Blind Faith (Atco 33-304A)

Band Faith—the reincarnation of Cream and Traffic—has fallen upon us, and although their album is a good one it also exemplifies quite concretely what the star syndrome has done to rock. Disproportionate adulation creates unnatural responses. Thus, worshippers of Messrs. Clapton, Winwood and Baker will rhapsodize over this album until we'll almost wish we'd never heard of it—while the cranks and professional iconoclasts will make the record out to be the biggest shuck since *Wheels of Fire*.

Actually, this is a decent, listenable album—I repeat, a decent album, but by no stretch of the imagination a great or innovative album. It is not even an example of superior production—Jimmy Miller has not lived up to the promise shown in his brilliant sets with Traffic. Neither are any of the Winwood compositions on a par with the masterpieces

he created for his former band. I've long considered Stevie Winwood one of the four or five greatest composers/singers/musicians in all of rock—his best work, like "No Time to Live," broached a timeless new realm of pure song where all idiomatic stereotypes were transcended effortlessly, while his rock 'n' roll masterpieces like "Medicated Goo" were among the most overwhelming definitions of the music ever recorded. But the songs presented here show no growth either in composition or arrangement. The whole album, in fact, has a rushed, almost superstitious feel to it that makes all of the songs run together with an overall sameness of sound and texture, even though the cuts are basically quite different from each other.

However, while Winwood has seemingly stood still, Clapton appears to have made considerable progress in finding himself. I've always thought Clapton's best work can be found in his old live sessions with the Yardbirds, and that the guitar style showcased for Cream was one of the most mechanical, unfeeling and aimless in all of "serious" rock. Among touted improvisors I can think of no more boring a soloist, unless it's Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead. But now, with Blind Faith, Clapton appears to have found his groove at last. Every solo is a model of economy, well-thought-out and well-executed with a good deal more subtlety and feeling than we have come to expect from Clapton. And his one composition, "In the Presence of the Lord," is a real delight—sounding much like a Winwood piece. Clapton out—Winwood to come up with the best song



on the album. After the reverent, stately opening choruses, Clapton suddenly breaks into a short, slashing dissonant solo reminiscent of the very best of the early Yardbirds; not jarring, somehow the solo acts as a perfect complement to the hymns of Winwood's vocal.

Baker has also contributed one song. "Do What You Like" is a nice composition that serves as a vehicle for fifteen minutes of ego-tripping *ala* Cream. It's not that any of the playing is bad, but simply that with the exception of Clapton's none of the solos is particularly memorable for any reason. Winwood's improvisational abilities have always been his weakest point—and here, as on "Pearly Queen" and "Voodoo Chile," he fills out his solo space with hesitant, predictable noodlings and seems completely unable to cut himself loose from the framework of "Eastern" scales that surround him. Grech's bass solo is merely another rock bass solo, neither more or less interesting than any of its kin. And, finally, there is Baker, and what can one say—except that Baker is Baker, noisy and overbusy behind other people, yet somehow tired when he moved out on his own. That cults should be built around drummers like this is yet another musical anomaly of the 1960's.

There is really not much else that can be said about this album. It is competent, it is occasionally exciting; but it is nothing new, and it is nothing that could not have been pulled off by a score of "lesser" groups, from Burdon's old Animals to Rhinoceros to the McCoys. I hope that Blind Faith will have a longer life together than Cream or Traffic, I wish them well. But somehow, deep inside, I know that I really don't care much either way.

LESTER KANDUS



Blind Faith (Atco SD 33 304B, identical to Atco SD 33-304A).

The year 1969 has not been a very good one for rock and roll. Outside of Tommy and the Band's decision to go on tour, we haven't had much to get excited about. But the other arts have suffered as well. Like Jim Morrison in Miami and John and Yoko on their album cover, the "best" of the novel—(Portnoy's Complaint), film—I Am Curious (Yellow) and theatre—numerous examples, have practically had to jerk off to their audiences in order to draw attention to otherwise undistinguished products.

Art theorists have hypothesized that artists are usually most inspired in times of crisis, that the forces of history push them to greater personal achievements. Perhaps the reason this does not hold true today is that while crisis is one thing, times are getting out of hand. With scientists calmly packing away quart bottles of nerve gas that can kill fifty people with one drop, military helicopters staging air attacks on their own populations, and atrocities bizarre beyond the imagination, the artist, too, must eventually feel the strain. Art suffers at the hands of Reality.

Blind Faith can be viewed as an attempt to jar rock out of these doldrums. The group is based on the idea that if you take three of the best soloists around and form them into a single smooth-functioning unit, the result will be one incredible rock band. Ego conflicts must be kept at a minimum; solos are taken not because someone feels like flashing for a while, but because the song calls for a solo at that point.

The formula works nearly perfectly on this album—when it is followed. The music is phenomenal in places, weak in others. Unfortunately, the weakest song on the album is fifteen minutes long and takes up almost a whole side.

By far the best song is "Presence of the Lord," an Eric Clapton hymn which explains in part how Blind Faith ever came to be. The majesty of the organ even makes it sound like a church song, until Clapton wah-wahs off on a quick

solo that's so good it makes me want to apologize for every snide thing I've ever said or thought about him. The first time I heard this song, it brought me out of my listening chair, mouth wide open in awe. It still does. Never has a guitarist said so much so beautifully in such a short time. The solo is so inspirational it can't help but make the lyrics that much more believable.

In fact, it's so good it tends to overshadow two other very fine cuts on the album. "Had to Cry Today" goes through several interesting changes, Clapton always bringing it back to the main theme. The choice of Rick Grech, heretofore almost unknown, as bassist is fully justified by his work on this song. "Can't Find My Way Home," a pleading Stevie Winwood tune, features Ginger Baker's highly innovative percussion and the delightful line, "Well I'm wasted and I can't find my way home."

"Do What You Like" is a fine five-minute rock song which is destroyed when it is dragged out ten extra minutes by solos for the sake of solos. Baker's lyrics state the Blind Faith formula ("Do right use your head/Everybody must be fed/Get together break your bread/Yes together that's what I said,"), but the music then proceeds to obliterate it. Winwood's solo is the only one worthy of remaining in the song; he is the most consistent musician on the album. Clapton's is perfectly competent, but nothing new or exceptional. Baker confuses quantity with quality: his solo starts out nicely enough, but quickly falls apart despite his insistence on continuing. Poor Ginger is bound and determined to someday match the original version of "Tomb": he is, at this rate, destined to retire a very frustrated drummer. The bass solo is sheer self-indulgence.

I don't know what the explanation for this cut is, but I could venture a calculated guess. Atlantic President Ahmet Ertegun was recently quoted as saying, "If we'd known they were going to do this well (on the American tour), we wouldn't have rushed the album." I wouldn't be surprised if this song falls into the throwaway solo rut because Blind Faith didn't have enough new material to fill an album in time to meet Atlantic's deadline, and resolved the problem by extending a song they already did have. If so, add avaricious businessmen to the list of handicaps the artist must face.

This album is better than any of Cream's and about as good as any of Traffic's. On the basis of the potential shown in the best cuts, and writing off "Do What You Like" as a fluke mistake that won't be repeated, I'm already anxious for the next Blind Faith album. If they ever get it together all at once, rock and roll will never be the same.

JOHN MORTILAND



Testifyin', Clarence Carter (Atlantic SD 8238).

Testifyin' has all the ingredients of jukebox soul, and the recipe hasn't changed in years: a decent singer, thin lyrics, sweet soul guitar, and the sort of horn charts that remind you of bucks mating. This album is really a collection of conventional angles, but what it lacks in musical ambition it makes up for in competence. The album does have variety of a sort; there are slow songs, fast songs, one magnificently terrible song and several excellent cuts.

The music is soul derived from gospel; it sounds best in major keys with "sweet" arrangements. Clarence Carter has a good voice, a clear and pleasant baritone that probably grew up in church choirs. His singing doesn't have the intensity of, say, James Brown or Otis Redding. Carter sounds like Wilson Pickett in a good mood. One of his favorite vocal gimmicks is punctuating the lyrics with gurgling chuckles. Even when the lyrics

attempt to convey the agony of love, the effect is agony in a very good mood. You end up liking Clarence Carter, especially when the material is sentimental and sweet, as on "The Feeling is Right" and "Soul Deep."

The arrangements are better than most soul-single arrangements. The horns are smooth and subtle, but as in most soul bands, they are used for percussive effects, as inflections and accents applied to the vocal. There are a few excellent numbers; "Bad News," a John D. Loudermilk tune, is based on the familiar "I'm-a-big-bad-man" rap. The lyrics at times seem to imply that the song ought to be sung by Eldridge Cleaver (wouldn't that be a sound!). For example: "They tried to hang me in Oakland/And again in San Frisko (that's right—San Frisko), but I wouldn't show, and I broke parole/and they had to let me go. . ."

The one terrible number, "Making Love (At the Dark End of the Street)" is fascinating because it comes from such a strange place inside someone's head. It is a dramatic monologue about the variety of places that can be used for making love: up in an airplane, on a boat, in the back seat of a car, etc. Oddly enough, a bed is not one of the places mentioned. Weird Havelock Ellis with a map.

The weakest aspect of the album is the lyrics. On too many cuts, the singing is right, the arrangement generates excitement and tension, but the lyrics are so flat and empty that the song sinks. This needn't be the case. Have you heard James Brown's latest singles? They are not great poetry, but they are as direct as life itself and much more militant. They prove that lyrics don't have to be mere ditties of convention.

As a whole, the album is eleven good versions of the same old thing. But many people like the same old thing. I do, and probably, so will you.

DAVID GANCHER



Fairport Convention (A&M SP 4185)

The first thing I did on receiving this album in the mail was stick it in my cardboard album box—with a good mind to leave it stuck for a considerable while right between Family Entertainment and Fischer, Wildman (An Evening With). Advance word, you see, had been "Sort of another Pentangle," which was okay by me, except that I prefer getting hot and excited to sitting by reverently admiring quiet virtuosity.

Anyway, I was delighted beyond belief when I finally broke down one midnight and played it. With its exquisite voicings and wonderful songs and sometimes gentle, sometimes rocking, always imaginative and exciting instrumentation, Fairport Convention is an unqualified treasure.

Alexandra E. MacLean Denny (composer of Miss Collins' "Who Knows Where the Time Goes") seems the reasonable Fairport to talk about first, for it is her unthinkably beautiful soprano that makes what would have been a merely superb folk-based sometimes rock group extraordinary. Her every vocal insertion is sheer joy to hear.

"No Man's Land," is a brilliant rocker with just a lovely touch of country in its electric guitar and a jolly fat German accordion tramping in every so often (leading one to believe that he might be hearing, yes, the first recorded polka-rock). Denny adds a high harmony on an early chorus that leaves one drooling futilely for another one during the duration of the song. So what one winds up doing is listening to Dylan's "I'll Keep It With Mine" and Joni Mitchell's "Eastern Rain," on both of which she is present in knockout quantity, just trying to get enough of her (Denny's version of the Dylan tune is a complete departure from Dylan's own version of the song in terms of phrasing, and she accomplishes one of the most difficult tasks in modern music—performing a Dylan song without imitating Dylan, while still preserving the

impact and the drama of the composition itself). One will also listen constantly to Denny's own "Fotheringay," a gently exquisite folk tune—about Mary Queen of Scots, of all people—that also features lovely acoustic guitars and Tyger Hutchings' perfect bass framing almost celestial echoed harmonies and another magnificent Denny vocal.

Next to lead guitarist Richard Thompson, whose every composition is a gem. Among his contributions are the aforementioned "No Man's Land," "Tale In Hard Time," and "Meet On the Ledge" (let no one tell you these are folk-rock—they're unabashed rock and roll, great folksy harmonies notwithstanding, and exceptional rock and roll at that). Also by Thompson is "Book Song" (collaboration with Ian Matthews, whose role on the album is not clear), which has a gentle country feel in its waltz-time and contains a fascinating cello/guitar conversation in its break. To each of these Martin Lamble (recently killed in a car wreck) added restrained, imaginative drumming and percussion and proved himself capable of rocking energetically.

Let I forget to make it clear, the Fairports do at times remind of Pentangle, as on "The Lord Is In This Place . . ." which features liturgical humming by Denny fronting someone's Janschian guitar, and on a couple of other cuts. But this is definitely not Pentangle Part Two. If you haven't heard this album yet you're in for an incredible treat. It got me hot and excited even when I wasn't half-trying.

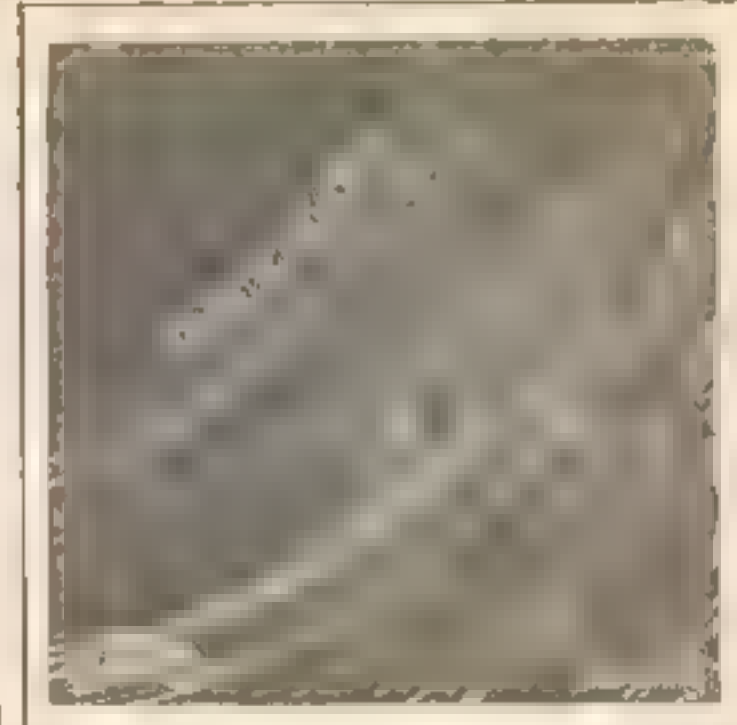
JOHN MENDELSON

## 2 Things We'd Better Watch Out For

The moon is frozen above the metal hills.  
It's aluminum.  
It's completely harmless.

The sea is watching the sky  
The sky is watching the sea.  
Nothing will ever happen.

—David Gancher



Lonesome Sundown (Excello 8012)

The Best of Slim Harpo (Excello 8010)

The Real Blues (Excello 8011)

From its start in 1952 right on up to the present, some of the most appealing of all postwar blues records have been produced by Nashville-based Excello, one of the few important firms recording blues in the South. Unlike Duke Records, similarly Southern-rooted, Excello has tended to concentrate on simple, directly emotional, conservative blues: their best recordings are easy, unforced small-group performances in elementary modern blues style—basically country blues performances updated through amplification and the use of small ensembles. Nothing very experimental, ambitious or daring but often very satisfying.

The album by Lonesome Sundown (Cornelius Green) offers a tasty sam-



pling of the characteristic Excello sound at its best. Most of the 12 pieces have Sundown's relaxed, brown-sugar voice over very spare rhythm support, usually just his own guitar, Katie Webster's sure piano, second guitar (or bass on the later records) and drums. The sound is flowing and assured, economical and very bluesy. Harmonica (probably played by Lazy Lester) is added to good effect on "When I Had I Didn't Need," "Please Be on That 519," "Hoo Doo Woman Blues" and "I'm a Mojo Man" (a slight reworking of Muddy's "Got My Mojo Working"). On several other numbers saxophones(s) are used unobtrusively but very imaginatively; it's a tribute to Sundown and his producers that these still come off well.

As Bruce Bromberg indicates in his liner notes, much of the success of Sundown's recordings doubtless is due to his sure, imaginative handling of traditional elements. The album is a very fine one and a good introduction to Sundown's intimate, knowing way with the blues. Its strength is its conservatism, as is illustrated perfectly by "Love Me Now," "Hoo Doo Woman Blues" (both of which refer to the older "Catfish Blues") and "Lonesome Lonely Blues," with its magnificently spare accompaniment—all classics of the modern blues idiom. All the performances, in fact, are object lessons in true economy of expression and young blues players could profit greatly from a study of their emotion-charged simplicity. Recommended highly.

Slim Harpo (James Moore) has been the most conspicuously successful Excello bluesman (remember his "Baby, Scratch My Back"? and, as a result, his records have been a bit more commercially slanted than have most other blues offerings from the label. In the quest after novelty material that would appeal to a wider audience, Slim's records sometimes have sounded shallow and contrived—when compared with those of more traditionally-oriented bluesmen. (This holds true only of material; otherwise Slim's sound is very traditional and bluesy).

Still, his warm, infectious and good-natured approach comes over with great effectiveness. He's a stylist who's carved out his own niche and within the relatively narrow confines of that approach he's unbeatable—and, of course, immediately recognizable. Again, the emphasis is on forceful, direct rhythm, tight and simple arrangements (even when horns are used) that work beautifully with Slim's sly, laconic singing and harmonica playing and, above all else, feeling. There are some very tasty things in this recent set—"I'm Gonna Keep What I've Got," "Baby, Scratch My Back" (by now a standard), "Rainin' in My Heart" (ditto), a delightful "Mogair Sam," "Buzz Me Baby" and "I'm a King Bee." A very pleasant (and often more than that) collection of immaculately played modern blues which Slim's warm personality animates delightfully.

The third album *The Real Blues* is an anthology of 12 performances by 11 different Excello artists which provides a fairly representative cross-section of the kinds of things they've been into. It's not a bad little set but, for my money, it's marred seriously by the inclusion of a number of things that are of minimal interest to the blues collector. Chief of these are the two numbers by Roscoe Shelton who, I must admit, has been a commercial success for the label. But being something of a purist, I find his particular brand of soul-blues rather limp. I like a hell of a lot more muscle and sinew than are provided by the oversweet vocal style displayed on "Think It Over" and "Miss You So," and their absence is made all the more glaring by the guttiness of the little band behind him. The same is pretty much true of Earl Gaines' "It's Love, Baby" and Arthur Gunter's "Workin' for My Baby." This cloying soul-styled singing just doesn't sit well with the rawer kind of blues playing in the accompaniments, I feel. There's no doubting the obvious competence and sincerity of the three men, so I guess it's simply a matter of taste. I find the style something of a no-man's-land music; I'd much rather hear either a good soul singer or a guttier blues singer. This middle-ground approach leaves me cold.

Of slight interest, though more in funky blues style, are "I'm Gonna Kill That Hen" by Blue Charlie (Morris) which sports lowdown small-band accompaniment but insipid lyrics; Jimmy Anderson's "Frankie and Johnny," a woe-

fully dull Jimmy Reed imitation, and a lachrymose "Courtroom Blues" by the otherwise impressive singer-harmonica player Lazy Lester (James West)—the backing is soulful, though.

That brings us to the really tasty stuff, which include a fine "Not Welcome Any more" by the Detroit Sonny Boy Williamson I disciple, Baby Boy Warren, with excellent singing and harp playing; Whispering Smith's "I Tried So Hard," a strong, gutty blues with impressive harmonica work by Lazy Lester and tough singing by Smith; Silas Hogan's dark, brooding singing on "Trouble at Home Blues," which recalls Sleepy John Estes' "Rats in My Kitchen" and which is over all too soon; a magnificent reworking of the old "Death Valley Blues" by Lightnin' Slim (Otis Hicks) that is easily among his finest achievements, and a relaxed, funky "Lovin' You the Way I Do" by Slim Harpo from his pre-"Scratch My Back" days.

These five tracks make the album. The other seven are dispensable items—at least for the knowledgeable blues collector, who would prefer stronger, more intense performances. For someone who'd like to explore what kind of music Excello has to offer and to familiarize himself with the work of some of its artists, this might not be a bad introduction. The only thing is, I can think of any number of truly fine performances that could have been included in an Excello sampler which would hold up a hell of a lot better than this set. There's too much chaff and not enough wheat here.

PETE WELDING



Bread (Elektra EKS-74044)

Hi, kids! Here's another great group, made just as you like 'em! Straight from L.A., group capital of the world! You're gonna love 'em! You've got to if you like the Beatles, Byrds, Bee Gees, Buffalo Springfield, Johnny Rivers, Van Dyke Parks, Randy Newman, or male clothes-horses with giant collars.

Make no mistake, kids, this album is no synthetic bullshit. The three boys in the group wrote all their own songs, and we're proud of them. They also played all their own instruments, everything from guitars to recorders to Moogs, and their lyrics have the simple eloquence of all folk poetry: "I looked into my morning mirror/And it revealed some things to me that I had not been able to see/I saw someone that I'm not sure I want to be/An empty, lonely face was staring back at me..."

Isn't that touching? Ah, but you should hear the music that goes with it—the epitome of Taste. "A highly refined amalgam of the sweetest, most successful elements in both rock and country and western"—L. Bangs, ROLLING STONE. Oh, by the way, all you "over-thirties" will love this album too. It never descends to the grating noise and unspeakable vulgarities so many groups find necessary to get attention today. These boys are real professionals. Guaranteed never to hit a bad note. Of course, there will be some cynical critics who'll say that Bread's music is bland, one-dimensional, repetitious and even bubble-gummy. But we need not listen to these malcontents—they'd probably rather just watch some maniac smash his guitar to bits on his amplifier or something anyway. Why expect people with no respect for high musical standards to like this album? And let me say that the standards are the very highest: those of "Family Doctor," for example, were set by the Band, while "Don't Shut Me Out" should please all you Buffalo Springfield fans, and "London Bridge" could easily have been written by the Bee Gees and arranged by Van Dyke Parks. All of the boys sing: just imagine a combination of the Everly Brothers, Marty Balin and Johnny Rivers singing harmony together. Whee!

Bread's songs are mostly about love (just good old rock and roll), but they

have not shut their eyes to all the misery and injustice in the world today. Dig, for instance, this stark evocation of alienation: "I drug myself outside to face the people that I knew would be there/And though they walked along pretending not to care/I knew behind my back they'd point and laugh and stare..."

Buy this album today. You're sure to get your money's worth: twelve highly polished numbers, just like a year's supply of hit singles! Catchy, bright, snappy, wholesome. A new incarnation of images you'll love forever. It might be best to let the boys themselves have the last word: "I'm driftin' down the street/Askin' of all I meet/Don't you know me from somewhere/Hazel eyes and curly hair..."

LESTER BANGS



Streetnoise, Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger & The Trinity (Atco SD 2-701)

To those who, like me, found the first Driscoll/Auger album derivative and overproduced, this new set will prove a breathtaking surprise. To those who have not heard the group, it will serve as an exciting introduction.

The thing about this album is that the people writing and playing these songs are very intelligent folks, as intelligent as, say, the Jefferson Airplane; yet somehow they also have that down-home quality when and where it counts. And that chick is just too much. Julie Driscoll is as moving for what she lacks as what she has: Lacking the overbearing stridency and defeminization of Grace Slick, the harsh astringence of Joplin, and the precious triviality of Joni Mitchell, she somehow distills the strengths of all these singers and several others into a style which, if not quite as distinctive as some of theirs, nevertheless has a knowing, time-tempered, womanly intimacy all its own. True, she has been influenced more than a little by Nina Simone, but she's beginning to absorb that influence and bend its stylistic nuances to fit the quite different visions of her own strongly contemporary consciousness.

Auger and the Trinity are a little bit less imitative in their Wes Montgomery-Jimmy Smith posturings than on the earlier album, but the weakest sides are still usually the ones where Driscoll bows out. The trouble with Auger and Co. is that, for all their straight-ahead technical fluency, their music gives the recurrent impression that they just said, "Well, let's use this shlick in this one," and then ran through a variety of somewhat too-familiar changes. Occasionally, as on "Tropic of Capricorn" ("Capricorn, Southern savannah, albatross freeway" over charging organ), this formula of technique-plus-cliche turns brilliant with its own peculiar kind of inspiration; but more often it turns into a turgid technical exercise, as on "Ellis Island," which sounds like a composite of the jazz-rock musician's Smith-Montgomery trip and the kind of labored show-offy rock heard in barely-listenable head arrangements like "Apricot Brandy" by Rhinoceros. If may be unfair to criticize this music on such terms, especially since so many outstanding musicians are getting into similar bags on their records these days, but for all one allows them in technical proficiency and energetic dedication, there it remains: a basically cold, basically amateurish style of playing. No matter how good you are on your axe, copping cliches from half a dozen established jazzmen and injecting a rock flavor is still woodshedding, part of every serious musician's progress toward maturity, but an intermediate stage better left off records. But competence appears to be all that's required now (not at all a new state of things, by the way), and season after season it appears that all a name rock musician has to provide is a reasonable facsimile of entrenched styles hyped as Class and Taste for the audience to come

and prostrate themselves at the feet of clay.

This group has a hell of a lot going for it, though; when Auger stops trying to prove what a Hip Jazz Musician he is and settles for backing up Julie with sensitive sound textures, it can be beautiful. Just how moving such a combination can be is borne out in a track like "When I Was a Young Girl," a rather overworked folk-ballad that Julie carries for eight full minutes without once sacrificing her essential understanding of the song to shallow theatrics or miscalculated "abstractions."

Another powerful track is "The Flesh Failsures (Let the Sunshine In)," the song from *Hair* whose real and complete lyrics may come as quite a surprise to people who have heard the commercially truncated Fifth Dimension version. The essential quality communicated by Julie Driscoll all through this album is an understanding of the lyrics which makes both her delivery and the words she is singing doubly effective. And nowhere is this more evident than in this song, whose lyrics themselves are so relevant to our lives today: "We stop/look at one another short of breath/Walking proudly... facing a dying nation/of moving paper fantasies/Listening for the new-told lies... Our lives are fashioned by future on films in space... Life is around you and in you/Let the sun shine in..."

We can look forward to worthwhile and potentially-important things from this group. Julie Driscoll is a solid, sensitive talent with just enough intelligence and sense of direction to insure that she won't be packaged soon. The Auger trio are three top-flight musicians, beginning to find a voice of their own through all the imposing influences and self-conscious posturings. They're not blazing any new trails right now, but they have some pertinent and articulate statements to make.

LESTER BANGS

**Correction:** The review of Ronnie Hawkins' *Mr. Dynamo* in issue No. 38 mentioned that Levon Helm, "all by himself," had been the author of that late Fifties classic, "You Cheated." Though Helm is given author's credit on both the Hawkins LP and on a later version of the same tune, recorded by the Shangri-Las, he did not write "You Cheated." The true story, as detailed by Charley Hines of San Francisco: In the late Fifties, a group of white boys from Austin, Texas, got together and formed a group called The Slades. They included Don Burch, John Goeke, Tommy Kaspar, Bobby Doyle (who has a current LP on the market, *The Bobby Doyle Introductory Offer*, Warner Bros.-Seven Arts S 1744), and Jay Webb. Don Burch wrote "You Cheated" for the group, who recorded it on the Domino label, a local outfit. The song was published by Balcones Music, Austin, Texas. The Slades, re-named The Spades (!), followed "You Cheated" with "You Gambled," and then moved to Liberty, where they recorded "You're Everything To Me" and "Baby." Meanwhile, "You Cheated" was recorded by the Del-Vikings, and then by the Shields, who took it to the top of the charts. Then Ronnie and the Hawks picked up on it, with Roulette, to be nice, "assuming" the publishing. Mick Jagger, however, did write "Satisfaction"...

GREIL MARCUS

## Freezing on Tower Pier

Remember freezing on Tower Pier  
Watching the Pool of London  
asleep,  
And the majestic cranes silently  
Guarding the cargoes sprawled in a  
heap.  
And the gates of the Tower were  
shut  
So we could only gaze and wonder,  
As we saw the bridge opening up  
And murky water passing under.

—Peter Rees



—Continued from Page 14

plicity is at the top of Virgo. Peace comes with simplicity after we have thoroughly learned and loved the details. Peace. No more alternatives, no different versions, just simple truth, beautiful and pure. Above and beyond the worries of the mountainside is the peace at the top where the Hermit stands, alone in body only, free from time and place, holding high the lantern of light for all climbers to see that someone made it.

Bravery and steadiness under fire is a tradition of the Sixth Tribe of Heaven. This is the cool courage which awes and finally terrifies an enemy when he sees his most terrible weapons have seemingly no effect. The Virgo brand of bravery can, without firing a shot, compel the enemy to retreat or surrender. The origin of this weirdly beautiful heroism is deeply personal, unexplainable by anyone, incomprehensible to anyone else, a secret pearl, something deep and intimate within every comrade of the Sixth Tribe.

Mercury, Lord of Meaning, is the outer ruler of Virgo. Here he brings his ideas from the intangible thought of Gemini into tangible form, or at least they can be seen there. Mercury, the Planet of assistance, is most active when in conjunction (not partnership) with another Planet. The effect is an emphasis, not on Mercury, but on the other Planet.

With all of this nitty-gritty to cover the Virgo incarnation results in an unbelievable set of chops. But before and after all that more the point remains:

"Behold, a virgin shall be with child and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel which means: God within us." Matthew 1:23



## Women When They Put Their Clothes On in the Morning

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

It's really a very beautiful exchange of values when women put their clothes on in the morning and she is brand-new and you've never seen her put her clothes on before.

You've been lovers and you've slept together and there's nothing more you can do about that, so it's time for her to put her clothes on.

Maybe you've already had breakfast and she's slipped her sweater on to cook a nice bare-assed breakfast for you, padding in sweet flesh around the kitchen, and you both discussed in length the poetry of Rilke which she knew a great deal about, surprising you.

But now it's time for her to put her clothes on because you've both had so much coffee that you can't drink any more and it's time for her to go home and it's time for her to go to work and you want to stay there alone because you've got some things to do around the house and you're going outside together for a nice walk and it's time for you to go home and it's time for you to go to work and she's got some things that she wants to do around the house.

Or... maybe it's even love.

But anyway: It's time for her to put her clothes on and it's so beautiful when she does it. Her body slowly disappears and comes out quite nicely all in clothes. There's a virginal quality to it. She's got her clothes on, and the beginning is over.

## MUSICIANS' FREE CLASSIFIED

Free space is provided here for hungry musicians: If you need a gig, are looking for someone to play with or something to play, feel free to mail us your ad, short and to the point. If you have something to sell, on the other hand, you pay (\$2.50 per line, enclosed with the ad). Be sure to indicate city and state when you mail your ad to: Musicians' Classified, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

### SAN FRANCISCO AREA

**TOUGH CHICK** looking to be road manager: resourceful, well-acquainted with shit. 863-1279 after midnight SF.

**CONGA DRUMMER:** serious musician — needs work in good R&B band. Also play other percussion, plus some bass, piano & harmonica. Have own equip. Jim—981-0598 SF.

**MANAGER &/or BOOKING AGENT** type with experience and out-of-town contacts needed by versatile, together group who wants to gig. If you can help us call Steve—661-4342 SF.

**BLUES BAND,** into Muddy Waters, Hooker, and British blues innovations, seeks a good keyboard player, bassist, and vocalist. Serious musicians only. Eric—387-2321 SF.

**EX-BASS PLAYER** and drummer from Marble Farm trio seeks guitarist and organist. Original material. Must sing. Danny—387-5428 SF or Richard—992-9063 Daly City.

**ORGANIST NEEDED** for hard-rock blues group, own material, should sing. Steve—589-8001 or Ray—589-3112 SF.

**KEN TAYLOR**—Please contact Jonathan at 625 Cole St., 731-0935, as soon as possible.

**DRUMMER** looking for jazz/rock group. Own equip. and trans. 6 yrs. experience. Rob—356-2012 San Jose.

**MUSICIANS WANTED:** Guitarist wants to join or form a band for rock or folk/rock music. I have equipment. Over 18. Paul Silen—326-6410 Palo Alto.

**DRUMMER AVAILABLE** for group or jamming. Kevin—351-7142 San Leandro.

**DRUMMER/KEYBOARD** man looking for gig. No axe. Also plays harp. Steve Remah, 33 Cambridge Way, Piedmont.

**LEAD GUITARIST** needed in new hard rock group. Must be exp'd and have equipment. 893-5760 Oakland.

**BASS PLAYER** looking for band. Pink Floyd/Vanilla Fudge/Touch style. I write, sing, and have own equip. 4 yrs. exp. Dave—377-2509 San Jose.

**HEAVY JAZZ/ROCK/BLUES** drummer, 10 yrs. exp., looking for gig with established or fast-rising Bay Area group, aka C.T.A., Butterfield, etc. Scott—387-4076 or 369-3116 SF.

**RHYTHM GUITAR**—Country, folk, some jazz, orig. material, looking for anything. Richard—207 Gough 46, or leave message at Haight-Ashbury Switchboard SF.

**LEFT-HANDED** Les Paul Custom guitar, black, exc. cond., \$600. Larry Dunnagan—652-4212 after 6 p.m., Oakland.

### LOS ANGELES AREA

**Guitarist/Bassist,** 19, other instruments also. Have good head and knowledge. Need other musicians with same drive and verve. I need orig. group with good ideas. Above all, INTEGRITY, to keep it right and good. C. Ayala—864-3551, 2255 Branden, LA 90039.

**LEAD SINGER** needed, 17-20, very heavy hard rock and blues. Should have own equip. Jim—535-5580 Anaheim.

**TWO TEXAS** Chick Singers, 21, dedicated to rock music, wish to make their contributions to understanding musicians. Leigh & Belle—846-2013 between 7-9:30 p.m., Huntington Beach.

**HARD-PLAYING** Organ-Pianist looking for group. Serious about getting someplace. Love blowing funk or anything that's together. Bruce—665-3714, 2421 Hidalgo, LA.

**BASSIST,** some guitar, vocals. Exp'd in folk/rock/blues, needs work; dig versatility and honesty (Gemini). Don—836-2260 LA.

**ENGLISH** tour and recording contract for the right rock group—must write own material. Send tapes or demos to Ron Sawyer, Suite 403, 6290 Sunset Blvd., LA 90028.

### OTHER CALIFORNIA

**DRUMMER WANTED** — Tight versatile group lost drummer, into many bags, have all original material. Many opportunities awaiting. Must be into time changes. T. Jordan—PO Box 122, 663-1403 or 869-0345 Eollins.

**WORLD PEACE** through rock & roll. Inquire Foxpass, Inc., PO Box 8, Canyon, Calif. 94516.

### NEW YORK AREA

**DYNAMIC FEMALE SINGER,** own material, serious, dependable. Ready to start now. Lorraine—leave message (201) 778-0807 Manhattan area.

**DRUMMER and/or LEAD SINGER** wanted for blues jazz improvisational group with lead guitar and bass, and our own style. Paul Wisnograd—322-7141 after 6:00, 2645 Homestead Ave., Brooklyn.

**THE LIGHT BRIGADE** light show struggling for survival, needs gigs. Also maybe financial backing. We're good. Keep calling Paul—846-3883 NYC.

**TWO HIP CHRISTIANS** seek major-key bassist and drummer. Object: to praise God. Ned and Rich—596-9891 Brooklyn.

**LEAD GUITAR** and keyboard man needed to join excellent bass and drummer. Blues rock. Must have equip. and transportation. Charlie St. James—883-6273 Port Washington, NY.

**DRUMMER (20)** looking for working rock band in NY. Own equip. (double bass set), 5 yrs. exp. Bob Napoli—HO 6-1033 Hobbs, NY.

**BASS/DRUMMER** wanted by two guitarists and harmonica for a tight country-rock group. Must be serious, own good equipment. No hang-ups wanted. 18-23 preferred but we won't hassle. Alan—538-9485 or Larry—231-9079 Bronx.

**ROCK GUITARIST** needed immediately in Long Island area for gigging group. R.M.S.—(616) 599-0036.

### OTHER EAST COAST

**HAMMOND ORGANIST** wanted for serious soul/jazz/rock group. Sing back-up or lead. Jim—KI 4-4786 or George—KI 3-9112 Philadelphia.

**POET/LYRICIST** seeks situation work inner reality—outer experience theme. Previously published. Jay Paul—689-4512, 62-10 99th St., Rego Park, NY.

**BASSIST** searching for other musicians lost in Miami area. Blues, hard rock etc. 625-0698 Miami, Fla.

**ORGANIST AND DRUMMER** with own instruments needed to complete an Eric Anderson Procul Harum type thing with writer/singer/guitarist and his old lady vocalist/guitarist. Home-brew material; radical people 17 or over preferred. Joe Hamburger, 4 N. Apple St., Lakewood, NJ. 08701, 938-2268.

**TOGETHER BLUES BAND** needs gigs in Lowell area. Rick—459-2842 Lowell, Mass.

### ELSEWHERE

**LEAD or RHYTHM** player, must dig Blind Faith, Hendrix, Beatles etc., and live in Hawaii. Lour's Special Delivery. Top Hawaii Rock Group, c/o Alvin Estrada, 89-111-B Mano Ave., Nanakuli, Hawaii 96792.

**BASSIST/GUITARIST** with an ear to the ocean seeks organist and drummer to play simple body music. Have good place to put it together. Jack Deupree, Juniper Lodge Farm, Stor Route 3, Bath, Maine 04530.

**SINGER:** 17, no experience, any bag, small ability piano-organ. Willing to travel if worth it. Have guitarist friend too. Doug—544-2115, 34 Stracher St. W., Hamilton, Ontario.

**BASSIST/VOCALIST,** free style, with equip. seeks serious musicians. Let's help Tucson happen. Virgo, 22, Jack—607 E. Mohave St., Tucson, Ariz. 85705.

**DRUMMER,** 17, wants to join/start rock group. Must be serious, exp., and better than average equip. Rob—993-5157, St. Louis, Mo.

**ORGANIST** with B-3 and sings wants to meet creative musicians with hope of writing and playing. George—LI 2-3648 Seattle.

**EXPERIENCED ROCK DRUMMER** looking for groups in New Orleans area. 279-0418, Chalmette, La.

**HAMPTON GREASE** Band needs a cook who can double on drums, be able to play as well as perform open heart surgery, if you can groove to the up-tempo vibes of Norma Tanega, Ornette Coleman, the Rip Cords and Pharoah Sanders contact Mickey Mantel at 361-8813, 548 East Wesley Rd., Atlanta, Ga. 30305.

**FIVE PIECE** British rock band with Roadies require financial backing to tour States. Demos and photos sent on request. Gordon—344 Godstone Road, Kenley, Surrey, England.

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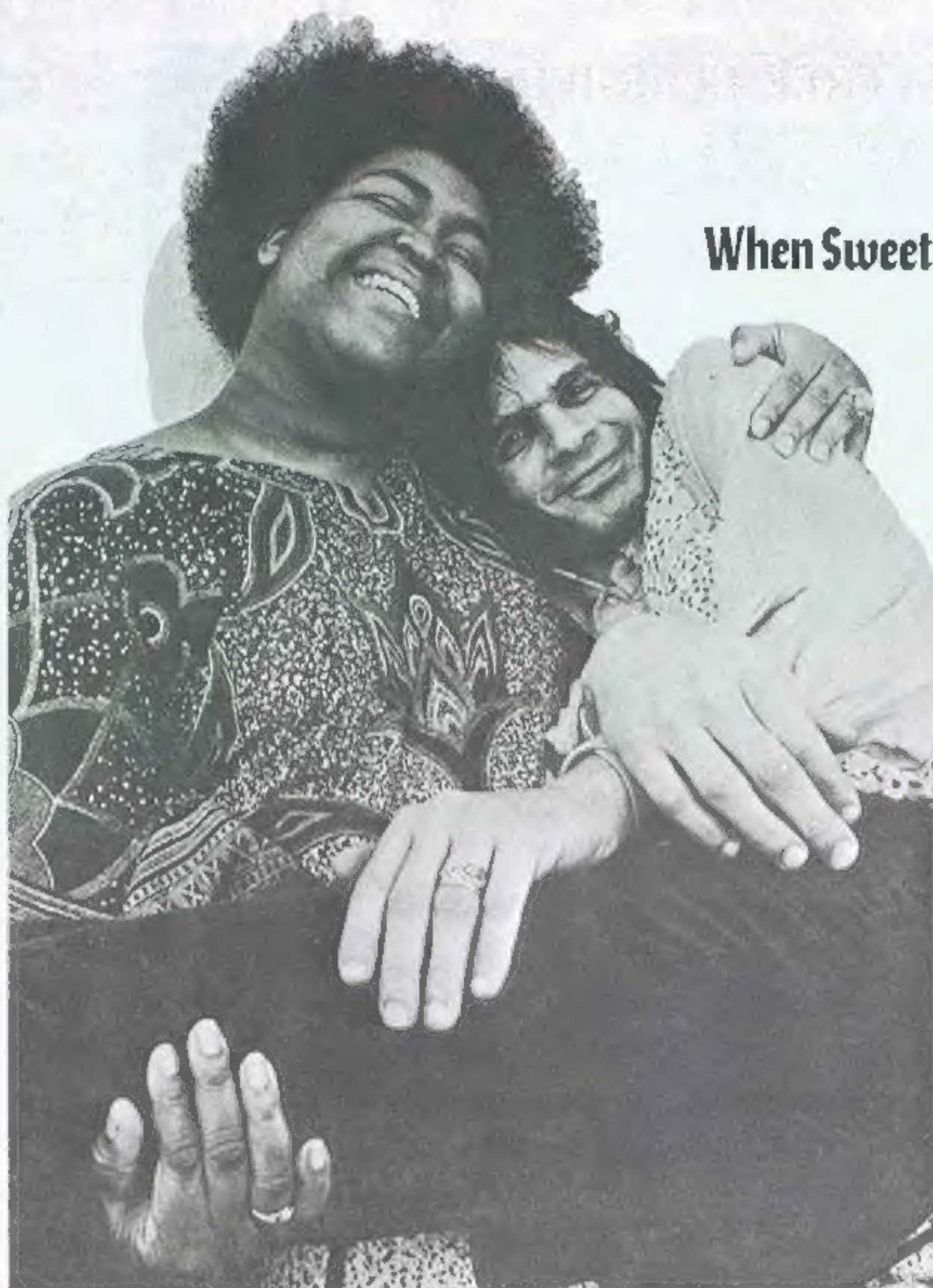


When Brother Yusef Lateef was a child and he walked down the street he heard music everywhere... in a playground, in a farmer's market, and in the brick and concrete of the ghetto. As a man he painted his own musical picture on an album for Atlantic Records... it's called "Yusef Lateef's Detroit."

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